

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



THE CULMINATION OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR CAME AT YORKTOWN • WHERE WASHINGTON AFTER THE LONG MARCH FROM WEST POINT JOINED FORCES WITH LAFAYETTE AND AIDED BY THE BLOCKADING FRENCH SQUADRON FORCED CORNWALLIS TO STAND SIEGE AND FINALLY TO SURRENDER: A VICTORY THAT ENDED THE WAR AND ESTABLISHED THE FREEDOM OF THE COLONIES

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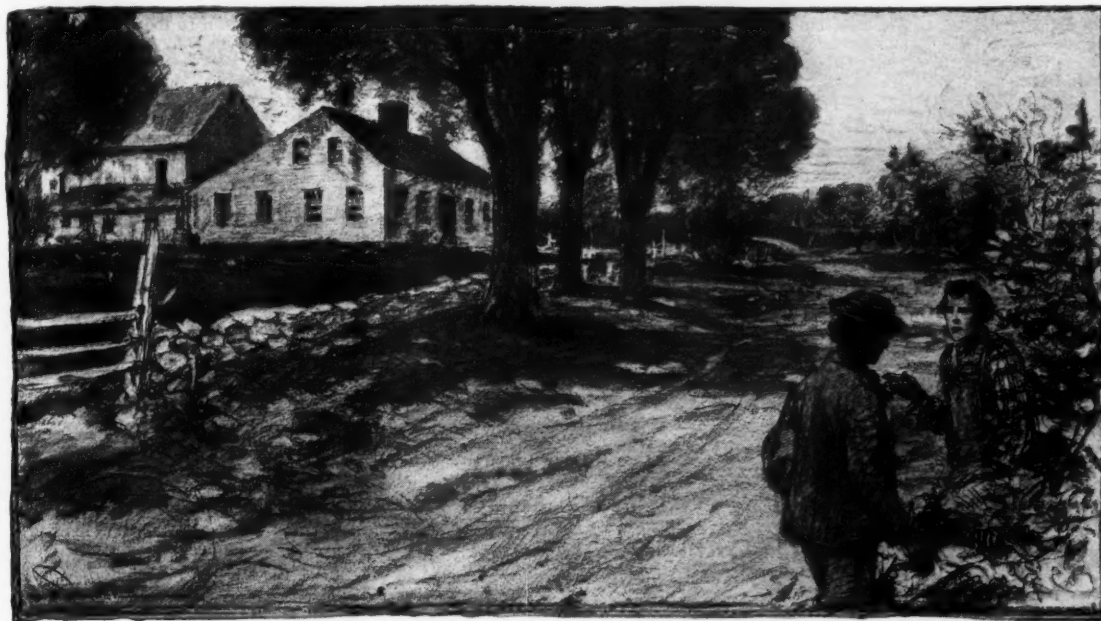
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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A heated argument that ensued came near disrupting the partnership



reaches normal size at about that age. At first we thought of selling the increase, and Willis had already begun to take them out in a bag to train them for hunting rabbits. I never liked to pick them up for fear they would bite, but Willis had a knack of grabbing them by the back of the neck whenever he wanted to take them out of the pen. However, before very long he became ambitious and wanted to keep our entire stock to breed from the following season. He argued that by another fall we might have eighty or ninety ferrets to sell. "And that will be about two hundred and fifty dollars to divide between us," he said. "Of course we shall have to advertise them for sale, and that will take ten dollars, but I can see a hundred and twenty dollars apiece for us, and that's pretty good money, don't you think?"

I thought so, and we determined therefore to hold our ferrets for larger profits. We greatly enlarged the pen and put in five additional boxes; then we gathered a supply of dry grass and leaves for bedding and stacked it near by.

But the food question soon became acute again. Woodchucks were now penned up for the winter, and rabbits were becoming scarce. Shortly after Christmas one of our neighbors, Rufus Sylvester, had the misfortune to lose his old white horse, and what brought sadness to him brought joy to us; for Willis was able to get the entire carcass merely for hauling it home on the ox sled, and it kept us in fresh meat till near the middle of February. Before February too we had another wind-fall. Nearly every farmer thereabouts kept a flock of sheep, and owing perhaps to insufficient provender many of the ewes died. Willis was able to fetch home one of the poor creatures every week or two for several weeks, or up to the time when woodchucks began to emerge from their winter naps.

In May, however, my secret visits to the savings bank had perforce to begin again, and they continued till late in August, when my deposit, including the interest on it, was reduced to the not too princely sum of a dollar and eighty cents. In September I was compelled to make a final visit for the residue of my capital and had to surrender my bank book. Willis was even worse off than I, for in order to keep going at all he had been obliged to promise thirty per cent of his half of the money from the ferrets to his brother Ben. In short the partnership was in a bad way, and the future looked dark. Despite our best efforts too the ferrets went half fed.

But relief we hoped was close at hand. We

I... drew out six dollars



A SILENT PARTNER IN FERRETS

By C.A. Stephens

SOME household errand—I forget what it was—had taken me to the Murch farm. I had been told to make haste and was hurrying home when Willis Murch, appearing from behind the house, beckoned to me mysteriously. "I want to show you something," he said in a low tone.

As Willis nearly always had something worth seeing I yielded to temptation and followed him. In the shadow of a large apple tree behind the farm buildings he had just built a pen of cedar stakes set close together in the ground and covered with boards nailed securely to the tops. The pen was perhaps twelve feet square, and inside at one corner was a good-sized box with a hole in one side of it from which a wisp of dry hay protruded.

"What have you got in there?" I cried. "Sh!" Willis cautioned me. "Don't talk too loud. He's asleep, but I will call him out." Screwing up his lips, he began making low, soft sounds as if to a puppy, and presently out of the hole popped the queerest, sleekest, snakiest-looking creature I had ever set eyes on.

"What's that?" I exclaimed. "That's a ferret," Willis replied. "I got him over at Uncle Lyman's in Stoneham, but I had to pay three dollars for him—every cent of money that I had. The boys over there raise them to sell to the sportsmen who come down from the city in the fall and the winter."

"What do the sportsmen want of them?" I asked.

"Oh, they take them out in a bag to hunt rabbits and mink and ermine and squirrels with," Willis explained. "They are good for woodchucks and rats too. A ferret will run right down a rabbit's burrow, grab the rabbit by the nose and drag him out."

Willis paused and looked at me steadily. "I'd like to raise them too," he continued. "There's money in it. But I've only this one," he added regretfully, and then I knew why he was so desirous to have me see his ferret. "I suppose you don't want to go in with me and buy two others to put with mine, do you?" he asked. "We could have thirty or forty ferrets to sell every fall just as well as not! One pair of ferrets will have ten youngsters in a year, and they go quick at three dollars apiece. We've no need to say anything

about it to anyone till we get started and well under way. We can enlarge this yard and keep them here. If you will go in with me and buy a pair, I'll take care of them and do all the work."

"What do they eat?" I asked. "Milk and any kind of fresh meat or fish. Over at Uncle Lyman's the boys trap woodchucks for them and take them out hunting for rabbits once in a while."

I became so much interested in ferrets that I forgot the urgency of my errand and had uncomfortable explanations to make when I reached home half an hour or so later.

The ferret that Willis had shown me had light brown fur over its back and was whitish underneath its body, but its tail was black, and it had black legs and white feet. As to its pedigree I am uncertain, but I suppose that, like most other ferrets bred in this country, it came from stock brought over from Europe. There is, however, an American variety of ferret that is indigenous to the Northwest from Kansas to Montana; it is considerably larger than the European ferret; its fur is much darker, and its feet are black. Willis's ferret was perhaps sixteen inches long from the tip of its nose to the root of its tail, and the tail itself was perhaps six inches long. The creature might have weighed five pounds.

That evening Willis came to see me in private and urged the matter of a partnership so persuasively that I decided to make the venture. I was then the purse-proud possessor of a cash capital of twenty dollars and twenty cents, which was on deposit at the village savings bank. The bank had then been open for savings for only two years; the old squire had been much interested in the founding of it and had encouraged us young folk at the farm each to save his spare money, deposit it and have a bank book. He believed that if we had savings accounts we should become thrifty and therefore better citizens. So, alluring as the prospect of gain from ferrets was, I was more than afraid that the old squire would not regard the venture with favor. I was afraid also that my cousin Addison would ridicule it. In short, no matter how I viewed the partnership, it seemed best to say nothing about it for a while—till the money from it began to roll in!

Taking advantage of a trip I had to make to the village gristmill with corn, I carried

along my bank book and, slipping into the bank, drew out six dollars. The following evening I intrusted the money to Willis, and the next Sunday he drove over to his Uncle Lyman's, paid the six dollars to the avaricious owners and brought home two female ferrets. Both the drive and the transaction were made after dark, for, sad to say, opposition seemed likely in the Murch family as well as in the old squire's.

The partnership was now fairly started. We had, as we supposed, only to feed the ferrets and await the ordinary course of nature for profits. My entry into the business had been so silent that not a word of it had as yet ruffled "public opinion" at our house.

Up at the Murches, however, it was not all such plain sailing. Feeding the ferrets with milk and fresh meat caused harsh comment indoors. Woodchucks and rabbits could not always be captured opportunely and without taking too much of Willis's time. Probably Willis endured much that no one knew of throughout that entire season. In September he grumbled openly and declared that as silent partner I was having much too easy a time and really must do something to help. We must hire Willis's brother Ben or some one else to help catch woodchucks and rabbits at intervals, and I—so Willis said—ought to pay the bill.

I said the proposal was contrary to our agreement, and a heated argument that ensued came near disrupting the partnership. The way we finally settled the matter was that I should pay Ben ten cents apiece for catching woodchucks and twelve cents apiece for rabbits, but the entire bill was not to exceed one dollar a month. If the food supply were increased in that way, Willis thought that he might manage to get through the fall. But as a result I had now and again to make visits to the savings bank to draw money until at last the treasurer told me how sorry he was to see that I was squandering my principal. To save my character I replied that I was expecting a large sum of money to come in by the next season, and he smiled; perhaps he suspected me of stock gambling.

By December we had eleven young ferrets four months old and well grown; a ferret

had fifty-one ferrets that were ready to go on the market. True we had yet to advertise them, but the genial and hard-pressed publisher of the county newspaper, to whom we stated the case, offered to insert four weekly advertisements and wait on our first sales for his remuneration. That newspaper was nearly as badly off financially as Willis and I were; the publisher knew how to sympathize with troubled hearts.

The first advertisement had appeared, and we were looking confidently for customers, when calamity fell like a bolt from a clear sky. Going out early in the morning to cut up the last woodchuck for the ferrets' breakfast, Willis found every one of them gone! The hitherto thronged, hissing, squeaking pen was as empty as Pharaoh's tomb. A partly detached board of the pen roof told the story. During the night the ferrets, half-starved no doubt, had one and all broken out to forage for themselves.

Willis came running down to our place and with a face that told plainly of disaster drew me aside and whispered the distressing news. I at once blamed him for neglecting to strengthen the roof. But Willis vehemently denied that he had neglected it; he had, he said, carefully inspected every board only the previous day, and he believed that it was a boy neighbor, Alfred Batchelder, with whom he had had trouble, who had in wanton mischief helped the ferrets to escape. Alfred, however, indignantly denied the accusation.

We searched the Murch farm thoroughly—fields, pasture and wood lot, but not a ferret could we find. They had gone on their travels and apparently had gone a long way. Before night, however, we began to hear from them. Over across lots at the Wilbur farm ten or twelve hens and a turkey had been throttled and partly eaten. And early that morning Ned Wilbur had shot two ferrets in his poultry house. Moreover, in an outhouse at the Edwards farm a basketful of young kittens had been wholly devoured and the mother cat had been severely bitten. The next day from the Corners a mile away came accounts of poultry that had been throttled and of a pet Persian cat that had been grievously maltreated. Still other rumors from more distant places came in. At one farm half a litter of young pigs had been killed,—what squealing there must have been!—and at another farm two guinea hens had been killed, and an old goose with three goslings had been found dead in their little house by the goose pond. Our ferrets appeared to be ravaging the country—forty-nine hungry ferrets on the rampage!

"We had better keep as still as we can," said Willis, "or everybody will be after us."

But the facts concerning our ferret farm were soon abroad. Complaints, loud and angry, came to us. Neighbors who had suffered said that we ought to settle for the damages, particularly damages to the poultry and the pigs. They came to the old squire about the matter, and finally so much was said that he thought best to hold a public inquiry. That was a neighborhood custom with us when anything went wrong and saved going to law. In such cases the old squire gave his opinion, and usually folks accepted it.

On the day of the hearing over the ferrets, as I remember, the complainants met in the sitting room at our old farmhouse and discussed the matter with considerable animation. Willis tried hard to show that none of them had proved that our ferrets had inflicted the damage. "Foxes or weasels may have done it," he declared.

But the sad fact that Ned Wilbur had shot two ferrets in his poultry house told strongly against us. Moreover, people had seen ferrets skulking about at the Corners and at the farm where the guinea hens had been killed.

"Boys," the old squire finally said to us, "the case is clearly against you. For example, if I were out on the highway, driving a horse, and I somehow let him get away from me, and he ran and came into collision with some one else on the road and smashed the man's wagon I should feel obliged in justice to settle for the damage that my horse had done. The case of the ferrets appears to me to be similar; it is my opinion that you will have to settle for the damage that your ferrets have done."

"But that confounded Alfred Batchelder turned 'em loose!" Willis exclaimed.

"Well, that's as may be," the old squire replied. "You will have to settle that matter with Alfred. If you prove that he did it, you can bring suit against him and recover full damages for all the mischief that the ferrets did. But thus far I am afraid that the responsibility for the mischief rests on you."

Willis and I felt downhearted. Nearly two

years of arduous ferret farming gone for nothing! Our entire cash capital vanished, and damages to pay on top of our loss!

But the complainants proved to be very reasonable and even merciful. From damages approaching sixty dollars, which they claimed at first, they finally came down to twenty-three dollars and fifty cents. But even lowering the amount as much as that did not help Willis and me a great deal, for now before all who were present we had to announce the sombre fact that we were both bankrupt and without a penny in the world!

When the old squire learned that I had drawn all of my savings from the bank he sat for some moments, regarding me with curiosity not unmingled with regret; but all that he said was, "Well, well, my son, live and learn; live and learn."

Addison was much more frank; he called me "a silly noodle."

The question on whom the damages rested was still unsettled. In the eye of the law

Willis and I were both infants; we were not of legal age and were living with our respective families at home. Our liabilities therefore could be collected from our parents. Willis's father, however, angrily refused to have anything to do with the matter, and in the end the old squire paid the full twenty-three dollars and fifty cents. As a result of that act and of Addison's opinion of me I lived a life of extreme humiliation at home for several months afterwards.

The kind-hearted publisher of the newspaper never received anything for advertising the ferrets; hearing of our trouble, he declined to send in his bill.

The treasurer of the savings bank smiled and looked at me inquiringly the next time I chanced to meet him on the village street. I could see that he was thinking of the "large sum of money" that I had told him I was expecting. I have to admit that for some years afterwards whenever I saw him coming I crossed to the other side of the street.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRLS

By Helen Milecete Duffus



DRAWINGS BY S. J. ROSENMEYER

She pulled Nan's chair close to her own and laid her hand on the girl's

Chapter Eight. Billy's turkey



OSE!" Billy stood in Rose's tidy kitchen one wet afternoon shortly before Thanksgiving. "Rose!"

But for once Rose, who was knitting beside the fire, took no notice of him. She had more to think of than she cared about having and was slowly working up courage to write a letter to

Cousin Adelaide. "Only I don't know how to begin," she pondered doubtfully. "Dear Honorable Mrs. Sinclair is the right way, I guess. Mrs. Addington is having those attacks of pain, and the children don't know, and she won't have the doctor. I—What, Billy?" she said aloud impatiently.

"Rose, isn't there truly going to be any turkey for Thanksgiving?"

"Good land, how do I know? There's no sense in a little boy's fussing over it anyhow. Why don't you go and play with Tommy Yelverton?"

"It's been pouring rain all the afternoon, and mother won't let me out. Tommy and I aren't speaking, anyhow, since he spoiled Nan's blackberries. And I haven't anything to do. Nan's dressmaking, and she's sewn the sleeves in wrong and she's awful cross. I think dressmaking isn't nice. What do you think?"

"It's nice when you get on all right," Rose replied practically. "I'd admire making a new dress this minute."

"I don't feel as if I'd like it," Billy remarked. "It makes people all say go away and don't bother. You might tell me a story for a while, Rose. I haven't anything to do!"

"Why don't you forgive Tommy?" Rose asked him. "You'll have to sometime!"

"Well, he's just got to see how horrid he was," Billy replied heatedly. "Mother said I mustn't tell him he really stole Nan's new dress and the Thanksgiving turkey by spoiling our blackberries, but I won't play with him till he says he's sorry."

"I shouldn't wonder if he was," Rose said slowly. "He hangs round enough. He's forever outside the gate. I'd go out and see him, Billy."

"I suppose I might as well forgive him," Billy said and sighed. "But it's too rainy to go and look for him now. Do tell me a story, Rose!"

"O my! Well, once upon a time—" began Rose in a monotonous voice.

"There was a boy named Eric," Billy interrupted ungratefully.

"No, no, it's not that story. It's one about a fairy prince and a princess."

"I know all about them too!" Billy exclaimed. "I'd like a story about wolves, something nice and exciting."

"You go to the door and meet the postman instead. He's there, for I heard him," Rose suggested desperately.

The bait was good, and Billy vanished to rush in to his mother and Nan a moment later, waving a letter.

Nan put down the sleeves she had just ripped out for the fourth time.

"It's from Lil, mother," she said happily. "Oh, do read it!"

"Three sheets," Billy gasped as his mother opened Lil's letter. "I don't believe I'll ever write one as long as that. Is it all for you, mummy?"

"It's for all of us. 'Dearest mother and children—'" Mrs. Addington began.

"Children! I like that!" Nan cried. "Never

mind, mummy, go on. It doesn't matter if Lil calls us Hottentots. What does she say?"

"I know you'll want to hear all our adventures, and there's so much to tell you I hardly know how to begin. Only Cousin Adelaide remembered that Nan had no winter suit for those classes, and she's sending her one. It's lovely and the latest fashion, but not too stylish for every day. There are gloves and stockings to go with it; and tell Nan she'll look splendid."

Nan started up and whirled round the room. "O mother, isn't it too lovely of cousin? And I am thankful I didn't tell about Tommy. Oh, when do you think my parcel will come?"

"Shall I go down to the express office and see if it's there?" Billy was almost as excited as Nan.

"No, it's too wet. And just knowing it's coming is simply perfect. I've felt so horrid and little in Lil's old suit. The girls all have such nice clothes this year I've hardly dared lift my eyes, but now I'll enjoy looking at them. There's a frightfully confident feeling about new clothes, and I'll write to cousin and tell her so. Go on with the letter, mummy!"

"Mother, the Perry Earwoods' house is lovely. I told you all about our meeting them at the junction when I wrote before and about going to New York with them in their private car, and I thought that was luxurious, but it is nothing compared with their old house in Madison Avenue. Nothing in it looks new, like the Yelvertons', and it's funny that the whole effect is so much grander. We go there a lot, but in a way I almost like cousin's apartment better. She says it's a bit high up, but she likes that, as we have such big rooms and such lots of air. I have the sweetest bedroom! It's just like the kind that the only daughter in a story-book has when she comes back from college—all pink roses on white everywhere. And of course I have my own bathroom—think of that, Nan, when Billy keeps you waiting in the hall! Cousin has her own maid, besides the other servants; she is French and is named Marie; she's as grand as a queen. It's a heavenly blessing cousin didn't bring her to stay with us; we should have expired with mortification. But she does my hair here, and I can tell you it looks lovely. She thinks I'm pretty—of course you will all know I am only telling you what she says to show you the sort of impression I am making. I don't think anything of my looks since I've seen the perfectly beautiful girls cousin knows. They're so chic—Marie's word—and I am not. But cousin has given me six new dresses—think of that! I'll have to describe them to you later, for we're going to a concert with the Earwoods now, and I have to get dressed in my loveliest dress of all. It's dark blue velvet! I'm so excited about everything that I can hardly write. The Earwoods have no daughter—only one other boy besides Johnston. They did laugh so when cousin told them how Billy called him the Magnet. I am going to begin some classes next week, but truly so far I can't fix my mind on education; it is all too like fairyland. I feel like a country mouse in it, though; I can't talk of one thing the other girls talk of, and they are all so beautifully dressed that I feel as if I ought to say arrayed—but not a bit like the way Nettie dresses. I believe they'd die rather than go out in a diamond side comb. Cousin has a lovely automobile—motor, she calls it—with two servants, a chauffeur and a man to open the door. She nearly always takes me out in it. She looks fearfully elegant always, but she keeps on telling me how she loved staying with us, and truly, mother, I can't understand how she could when I see how she lives here."

"Tell Billy New York is fine, and he'd love to see the children riding ponies in the park. Cousin says scarcely anyone has come back yet, but of course she belongs to the old-fashioned set who think only about family. But it is just splendid staying with her, and thank you ever so much, mummy dearest, for letting me come. Johnston Earwood wants to be remembered to you all, and he says he loved being at our house too. Isn't it funny? Everyone seems to like what they haven't got. And he says Billy is a crackjack and Nan too. Ever your loving daughter—sister, Lil."

"Is that all?" demanded Billy, and Nan laughed.

"Isn't it enough? I feel as if I'd been at a play."

"And I feel as if Billy had better be learning his lessons," his mother said warningly, "or he'll be kept in tomorrow."

But Billy's thoughts were not on lessons.

Thanksgiving and the probability of having no turkey weighed heavily on his mind. Such a thing as no turkey on Thanksgiving had never happened in all his short life. Cousin's letter held no hope, and Rose gave him cold comfort by saying that turkey was out of fashion; only Nan, leaving him to dawdle home alone from school the day before Thanksgiving, hurried home and up to her mother's room to speak about him. "Mother, tomorrow will be Thanksgiving," she said bluntly. "What are we going to do about a turkey?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Addington turned around slowly. "I don't think we can have one. Do you mind much, Nan?"

"No," Nan replied carelessly, "but Billy does dreadfully."

"I'm afraid you'll mind too when I tell you that we must have the two Allen boys to dinner even without turkey! Mr. Allen came in this morning to say that he and his wife were suddenly called away, and would I have the boys to Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Mother! What did you say?"

"What could I say? You wouldn't have liked me to refuse?"

"No," Nan's voice sounded doubtful. "But how shall we do it?"

"Oh, Rose will manage somehow! Surely, Nan, you wouldn't leave those poor boys with nowhere to go simply because we haven't any turkey?"

"No," said Nan frankly. "But what I can't see, mother, is why we can't have one! We always did—long before I thought of having any blackberry money."

"I know," Mrs. Addington's face changed. "But things have—O Nan, I'm worried! Fielding the grocer owes us such a lot of money. You see, so many of his summer people run up bills with him and then take a long time to pay. He has had nearly all our summer vegetables, and he has paid me about a quarter of what he owes for them. I don't know quite what to do, except to keep out of debt myself."

"But you'll get it? You don't mean you're afraid he won't pay you at all?" Nan gasped.

"I don't know; I'm uneasy. I only told you, Nannie, because you are always such a help to me."

"A help? Me?" Nan stared. "When I all but said I didn't want to have the Allen boys see that we had no turkey!"

"You're a help all the same!" Mrs. Addington laughed a little. "I feel so proud of my daughters, Nan. Cousin Adelaide says Lil is doing so well, and you are a real prop to me."

"I miss Lil dreadfully, mummy," Nan's voice shook.

"But you don't grudge her all the pleasure she's having?"

"Grudge it—to Lil? Oh, no! I love her to have it. Do let's go downstairs, mummy; it's cold up here! Just hear the wind, and the ground must be frozen; there's a cart simply rattling over the road past the gate. Come along down."

Rose came out of the kitchen as they descended. "Billy's out late," she said crossly, shoving wood into the big hall stove. "I can't see what's become of him."

"Isn't he in?" his mother exclaimed sharply. "Why, Rose, it's nearly dark! Do you suppose he's been kept in?"

"He never is," said Nan. "He's far ahead of his class always. I'd better go and see, mother."

But as she jumped to get her coat the outside door flew open. A gust of wind, Billy and the two dogs, which always waited for him at the gate, burst in together. "I've got a turkey!" Billy shrieked. His cheeks were scarlet and his little button of a nose was crimson with cold as he cast down a huge bundle at Rose's feet. "Just look at it—it's fine!"

"But how? You haven't been doing something dreadful to make a lot of money?" Nan exclaimed.

"No! O mummy, it's just like a fairy story." Billy danced up and down with glee.

"I was coming home from school, and I dropped one of my books, and a funny old gentleman had picked it up and was looking at it when I ran back for it. At least I think he was old; he said he was. I said 'yes, sir,' when he asked me if my name was Billy Addington, and he said good something, how time flies! And he said to tell my mother I'd met Frank Parker, and he'd be over tomorrow to see her, because he was spending Thanksgiving with his nephew here; and he said here was ten cents for taking the message."

"Frank Parker!" exclaimed his mother. "Come all the way from California at his age! Oh, I shall be glad to see him; he was one of the best old friends your father ever



"I've got a turkey!"

had. Only, Billy, I don't see how his ten cents got you a turkey!" she said suddenly.

"It did!" Billy bounced up and down in front of her like an India-rubber ball. "His ten-cent piece was a five-dollar gold piece. And I bought a turkey!"

"But, my land," cried Rose and, seizing the brown-papered turkey, held it up, "I don't see how you ever came home with it. It's sixteen pounds if it's one."

Billy beamed at her. "Oh, the expressman drove me to the gate," he replied simply; "the one you went out with last Sunday."

There was no doubt of the success of the Thanksgiving party. Frank and Dick Allen interpreted their invitation literally and arrived early to spend the day and to build Billy an Indian camp down by the shore for a winter plaything. Nan disappeared mysteriously as soon as it was finished, and Dick Allen, returning hot and hungry with his brother and Billy, stood stock-still as he went up the steps of the veranda.

Nan was waiting for them at the door; only it was a new Nan, and the boys could only stare at her. Her untidy curling hair was plaited in two shining ropes and brought tight round her small head, and her cheeks were as softly pink as the pink crêpe frock that she wore.

"Nan!" said Dick. "But—why, you're simply scrumptious!"

"I've had the pink stuff for ages," Nan explained hastily, "and Cousin Adelaide gave me dressmaking lessons."

"Do you mean you made it all yourself?" Dick demanded. "Well, I always said you were the cleverest girl I knew!"

"I'm not," Nan replied with some heat. "Only tell me, Dick! Don't I look beautifully grown up?"

"You look very pretty," Frank Allen announced bluntly from the step behind his brother. "I'm quite afraid of such an elegant young lady. Billy, what on earth do you suppose has become of tomboy Nan?"

"I'll change into my old dress if you tease," said Nan stoutly.

Dick plumped down comically on his knees in front of her. "Don't, Nan! And do forgive us; we were only joking. But you do look stunning with your hair like that."

"Get up, you ridiculous creature. Of course," But Nan turned her head away with a sudden knowledge of something she had never seen before in Dick's eyes.

"Well, I never thought old Nan would be such a beauty," Frank Allen announced with the candor of the boy chum. "I thought Lil was the pretty one. But Nan's a peach. Don't you learn to cut out any more, Nan. You can cut out anyone now!"

"What a back-number joke!" Nan jeered. "No joke at all; it's a fact. You're the oh, you-ought-to-have-seen-her girl now!"

"Let me look," said Billy and then turned away. "I don't see any difference," he announced with disappointment. "She's only just Nan. You wait till you see my turkey!"

Dick chuckled and carried him off to be washed. But even Billy was silent as they sat down to dinner. Rose had surpassed

herself; even the great golden-brown turkey almost looked insignificant beside the mounds of cranberry jelly and the sweet potatoes, fried as only Rose could fry them.

"Such a lovely dinner never was," Billy said and sighed over his last plate of ice cream. "I'm glad it's cold and going to snow. I feel as if I only wanted to sit by the fire and tell stories."

"Well, I do," said Mrs. Addington, "and I'll begin with a true one. What will you say, Billy and Nan, when I tell you that I am going to New York in two days?"

"Mother!" Nan exclaimed. "But me—and Billy?"

"That is what's worrying me. I can't take you. You and Billy will just have to take care of the house and of each other."

"I wish Frank and I were going to be here to look after them, Mrs. Addington," Dick looked very tall and grown up as he stood by the fire. "But we have to go too."

Nan stared from one to the other. She had no idea how she was to get on without her mother, or what on earth could be taking her mother to New York. "But why—" she began and bit her lip.

"I'll tell you all about it presently, Nan; it's nothing to worry about," Mrs. Addington said hastily. "Listen; wasn't that some one at the door?"

"My turkey man," said Billy and scrambled to his feet.

But his mother shook her head. "He was here this morning, dear old man," she said. "It's—"

"Tommy and Nettie Yelverton," Billy gasped blankly. He had not spoken to Tommy since the dreadful day that Tommy had spoiled the blackberries; but now he said, "Hello, Tommy! Want to come and pop corn?"

Tommy said he didn't care if he did, and Nettie explained volubly that none of their expected guests had arrived; even Tony had not come home. And it was so dull and dreary that she and Tommy had come over to say good-by; they were going to New York in the morning.

"Well, take off your things and stay," Nan suggested hospitably.

Rose prepared an impromptu supper that even Nettie Yelverton admired along with Nan's pink dress, which she supposed was a present from Cousin Adelaide in New York till the candid Nan told her that she herself had made it.

"Been a great day all round," Dick Allen observed with a glance at Nan, "and time to get out now; Mrs. Addington looks tired."

Mrs. Addington looked more than tired when the visitors had gone and Billy was in bed, but she pulled Nan's chair close to her own and laid her hand on the girl's. "Now we'll talk, Nannie," she said softly. "I didn't mean to startle you just now, but I was rather startled myself. You see Cousin Adelaide wrote yesterday, and Lil wired this morning, for me to go to her—"

"What for? She's not ill or anything?"

"No," replied her mother. "She's worried. Johnston Earlwood wants her to marry him, and she doesn't know what to say."

"What?" said Nan. "Do you mean she doesn't like him—not like Johnston?"

"I don't know, dear; how could I? But Lil and Cousin Adelaide seem to be all in a muddle and want me to come and straighten things out. Cousin says Lil won't talk to her as she would to me and sent me money for my ticket, and I feel that I have to go. Remember, this is all in strict confidence, Nannie!"

"I'll keep it secret," Nan replied and squeezed her mother's arm. "Only I do think—why, it's perfectly silly for Lil to send for you to make up her mind for her."

"It's not that," her mother said hastily. "It's that wretched Tony Yelverton. I understand that he's told Lil she is the only girl who can ever make anything of him, and that he'll do something desperate—oh, you know how impossible he could be! And cousin says Lil believes him!"

"That's the silliest yet," Nan burst out indignantly. "O dear, what an awful bother girls are, growing up and getting married! I'm never going to do it; having lovers hanging round would be too tiresome!"

Mrs. Addington had to laugh. "You've more common sense than Lil," she said easily. "She never told you anything about it all, did she?"

"Never mentioned it," Nan replied rather huskily. "I—mummy, it's good of you to tell me. I never can say much to you, you know."

"I know; I couldn't say anything to my mother either when I was a girl. Do you know, Nannie, that when she told me my father was dying I had simply nothing to say. I just stood, tongue-tied. I've often thought of it since, often longed to tell her how I felt then, but I never could speak. I'm glad you and I aren't like that toward each other."

"She knew you'd know," Nan cried passionately. "Now, mummy, tell me what you want me to do."

"We're talking as if I were going to discover the South Pole instead of going to New York for a week," Mrs. Addington kissed her daughter between tears and laughter. "I don't want you to do anything but look after Billy; Rose will see to the house. I've told her I was going, but I haven't told her why."

"It will do you good," said Nan, sitting up and shaking herself. "You need the change, and we won't have time to miss you dreadfully. Only truly I don't see how you're going to arrange for Lil."

"Lil must do her own arranging," Mrs. Addington said unexpectedly. "I should not dare to interfere. She's too young to marry anyone unless she cares a great deal for him."

"You married at eighteen, and Lil's nearly that!"

"Yes," Mrs. Addington replied quietly, "but you see I am so wise now that I know that Lil is a little different from what I was at her age."

"I don't see why she has to fuss about getting married at all," Nan cried rebelliously. "She won't be ours any more, and even if she has to wait for Johnston she'll always be thinking of him. I did think that Johnston Earlwood had more sense than to be fussing round and falling in love! And I don't see where that wretched Tony comes in!"

"Cousin says—" But Mrs. Addington stopped and laughed. "She says that Tony is piqued because Lil goes to houses he could never get into. Don't worry about Tony, Nan!"

"I'm not," said Nan absently. "Mother, I'm nearly as tall as you, and my new skirt's pretty long for me. Do take it and the coat—the new one cousin gave me—to wear in New York! You know you haven't a thing fit to go out in, and cousin's friends are so elegant. And you must have known them all once!"

"Till they forgot me," her mother replied quietly. "It is dear of you to offer me your things, but I couldn't take them. I'm not likely to go out much in New York."

But Nan was staring at her with sudden understanding. "Mother, I never thought!" she cried. "It must have been awful for you when father died and you had to come out here and struggle on with us all alone! Wasn't there anyone who stood by you?"

"Nobody much. Oh, yes, it was hard, Nannie! But I've won now; and I have you and Billy and Lil."

"And we're going to lose her," Nan said ruefully.

"We can't expect her to stay with us forever, but I agree with you that it's too soon for her to go yet. Why, Nan! What in the world are you doing that for?"

"No grown-up for me!" replied Nan concisely. Four large and stolen hairpins of her

mother's flew down on the rug, and her small, tightly-coiled head turned magically into a mantle of red-brown curls that hung to her waist. "I've decided to become a celebrated person and never marry!"

But oddly enough, as Nan turned away to run upstairs and do her mother's packing before she went to bed, Mrs. Addington thought she had never looked so womanly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"FROM SILK, ALREADY"

DECORATION BY W. P. DODGE

By
Alice Craige Martin

"MAMMA," shouted Leah Petrovna, rushing into the kitchen with a loaf of bread under either arm, "Isadore Rosen says his teacher's goin' to have fifty pink roses in her bouquet! His teacher's awful nice and funny. She's that little one that made as if to hit Adolph such a crack the other day. Isadore's class had to pay more for flowers than we did, cause we got ours in Hoboken."

"More than yours!" Mrs. Petrovna raised eyes and hands in horror. "Leah, I sure have glad you are not in that class. Never thought I would your papa take that seven cents from out his pocket for you."

"O mamma, yes! I had an awful fear I would not get it. So 'shamed like would I have felt if I had not had the seven cents to give Olga Larsen."

"Mamma, mamma, ain't it time to go yet?" clamored little Izzy, aged six, jumping wildly up and down.

"Goin' to the picnic! Goin' to the picnic!" yelled baby Abe, capering close on his brother's heels.

"No, no! Mamma will tell you when it comes time. Leah, go wash for me those children's faces. They should be washed for the picnic."

In the momentary lull Mrs. Petrovna glanced from the window to the back yard far below. She smiled to see three little children with their yellow hair, fantastically twined in rags, sticking straight out from their heads. "So Thelma Wilhelm makes curls on her children for the picnic," she thought. "Sarah," she called, "come here to mamma and bring the comb, already."

Eight-year-old Sarah Petrovna obediently dropped the shoe laces that she had been struggling with and with shoes flapping trotted up. Then with unusual care her mother arranged the lustrous black hair in curls that the dampness of the day would not affect. As she combed her heart swelled with satisfaction that her little ones' hair needed no curling rags.

"O mamma, it won't rain, will it?" Sarah's beautiful eyes were dark with tragedy.

"No, darling, mamma don't think so. Only you be quiet now till she can make you look swell. Then you can run for the milk, and after you Izzy and Leah can be combed."

All over the crowded little town proud mothers were anxiously scanning the overcast sky in the intervals of dressing their offspring. This was the day of the school picnic, greatest of all days except one in the lives of the children of Union Hill. Only upon the favored of fortune did that still greater day dawn, for it was the day of graduation. But to rich and poor, clever and dull, came the joyous picnic day, and only rain could mar its gay delights.

Two hours passed slowly for the many children who gazed fearfully and often at the skies. At last the clouds grew lighter and brighter, and a tiny rift appeared. The children breathed more freely and clamored to go at once. With many an admonition their mothers began to start them out to the schools where they were to form in grand parade. Then the women themselves sought advantageous

positions in the street that they might see the procession pass.

Grasping small Abe by the hand, Mrs. Petrovna found a place on the crowded sidewalk near Schuetzen Park, the terminus of the procession. Good-natured Mrs. Wilhelm happened to be there too and greeted her neighbor pleasantly. "Ach, but I have worked this day!" she exclaimed, and her ample breast shook with her chuckle. "Five to get ready and off yet! It is worse than the graduation, for then there is but one."

"The little ones, they are happy," Mrs. Petrovna said with a tender light in her soft eyes. "It is a glad day, Mrs. Wilhelm."

"But yes," agreed the other heartily, "and, my, they look so grand! After all it don't cost so very much. Now for the graduation of Elsa I am saving five months already!"

This June she finishes the public school, and her only thirteen yet!" Pride radiated from the fair, maternal face.

Mrs. Petrovna gasped. Five months! And she in her ignorance had hoped that the white sailor suit, her great achievement for Leah, would serve also for that day. "Leah is only twelve," she murmured loyally, "and she finishes too."

"So? Elsa's papa, he thinks me dumb how I act over Elsa yet," continued Mrs. Wilhelm. "But she is the first to get a grand education, and everything new shall she have. Slippers must her papa buy and the silk stockings *mit*, and I want all new underclothes. Elsa, she wants much a pleated dress—only 'tink, from silk, already! Yards it takes. Mamie Schmidt had one last year, and Elsa shall have a better one. More lace on hers shall there be."

By a heroic effort Mrs. Petrovna looked impassive. An accordion-pleated silk! The rainbow woof of Iris herself could not have seemed to the woman more impossible of achievement.

"Mamma, mamma, they're comin'!" cried Abe, who was one wriggle from head to toe.

Tootle, bum-bum, bum, bang! The opening strains of The Star-Spangled Banner reached them from round the curve of the boulevard. Bystanders craned their necks anew; the procession was coming at last!

"Ach, see they come the avenue down!" Mrs. Wilhelm cried happily.

"Hurray, hurray!" squealed Abe as the

sound drew nearer, and the band with brass instruments gleaming marched proudly into view.

Behind them walked those most important of mortals, the superintendent and the school board, resplendent with large, flowing badges of blue and yellow ribbon. Behind them rolled huge auto trucks filled with tiny kindergarten children, all dressed in their best and waving little flags. After them marched the boys and girls, all happy and excited, all dressed in festal array, more children than you would have thought so small a town could contain.

The procession was a remarkable sight, unique and very touching to understanding hearts. In it marched the children of many nations, and all kept joyous time to the strains of our national anthem. First walked the little ones, and Mrs. Petrovna's heartbeat quickened proudly as she caught sight of her Izzy with his clean blouse and new plaid tie. "See, Abe, see Izzy!" she cried, pointing.

"Izzy! Izzy!" the child squealed so piercingly that his brother heard him and shouted in answer. He could not wave, for his hands were proudly occupied; he held the pole of a small flag while on either side of him, holding each a steady cord, marched tow-headed little Karl Kaufmann, and slight, swarthy Arsham Dairo, who in every feature was a Turk. As men took off their hats to the Stars and Stripes the heart of Mrs. Petrovna came near to bursting with pride.

On and on the ranks came in bright succession. Each class of older children had a distinguishing costume, or at least some mark of uniformity such as a vivid ribbon or a gay bandoleer.

"Oh, see Sarah's teacher! See her big bouquet!" Mrs. Petrovna caught at Mrs. Wilhelm's arm in her excitement.

In front of her class in solitary grandeur walked a young woman with a huge bouquet. The flowers were of every hue and seemed fairly to obscure her. Sarah's teacher smiled and bowed mechanically to the parents who lined the curb. A similar martyr to the customs of the community led every happy class over rough cobblestones and hot asphalt.

"Here comes my Dagmar," exclaimed Mrs. Wilhelm, "and there walks your Sarah *mit*!" "Where?" squeaked Abe. "Where, mamma?"

"Over on the other side. Wave to sister, darlink."

"Don't they look good, dressed up in those cheesecloth things?" Mrs. Wilhelm said admiringly. "A waste of money, her papa say, but I should worry once. Sometimes a *fest* day must we have."

For Sarah's ambitious class was resplendent in red-white-and-blue "liberty robes." Mrs. Petrovna smiled to see how the costume emphasized her daughter's beauty and how becoming the red liberty cap was that rested on her black curls. To Rebekah the exquisite fairness of Dagmar seemed dull and colorless beside Sarah's Oriental darkness of hue, and the light artificial curls were stringy.

"Gimme a flower?" squeaked the irrepressible Abe as another burdened teacher passed close by. Neither Abe nor his scandalized parent, who was prompt to admonish him, realized how welcome he would have been to the whole heavy bunch wherein pink roses and red carnations burgeoned gloriously together.

More and more children went by, and a group in which the girls wore white sailor suits with gay ribbons drew near. "See, there march my Elsa and your Leah!" cried Mrs. Wilhelm. "All of two dollars did I pay for that red tie and those hair ribbons."

"Yes, it cost fierce," Rebekah Petrovna said in agreement and then sighed. Once more she thought of that coming graduation. How should she prepare? It had been an achievement little short of miraculous to provide the sailor suit, the ribbons and the canvas slippers for Leah, the cheesecloth costume for Sarah, and shoes good enough for Izzy to march in with the boys. More she felt she could never do. Tears blurred her sight till the lines of marching children swam before her.

The procession ended with the senior class of the high school, all of whom were attired as Greek youths and maidens. Behind them at the entrance to the park the trucks,

in which the kindergarten still sat in state, closed in. And after the trucks surged the mothers, hastening into the park to retrieve their respective offspring.

The capable Mrs. Wilhelm, gathering her brood about her, produced five gingham aprons varying from tiny to medium and arrayed five little owners in them, for the great parade was over, and the pleasant business of eating was imminent.

"Where's that good-for-nothing Patsy?" demanded Mrs. O'Brien, who lived a lively

There was mighty
applause while the
principal bowed



existence above Mrs. Petrovna's flat. "Look at Mrs. Wilhelm with all five of hers, and I can't be findin' that young limb! I'll lick him good when he does show up."

"Ach, there'll be many a spanking before the day is over," said Mrs. Wilhelm, laughing comfortably. "Kids, they get so wild by the picnic once."

"Look, mamma, see! I got five tickets! They're for ice cream, lemonade, and the carousel!" shouted Sarah, rushing up, with her eyes shining and her "liberty cap" awry. "Gimme!" cried Abe, not quite understanding her words, but speaking on general principles.

"Come, mamma, Leon Kaplan's goin' to row us on the lake!" Leah, suddenly appearing, hastened her bewildered parent away to where on a pond not much larger than an ample bathtub a huge flat-bottomed boat awaited them.

In pleasures such as those passed a happy day for Union Hill. From the joy of her children Mrs. Petrovna derived vast satisfaction, but ever underneath ran the thought of Leah's graduation frock.

"Leah," she said that evening as she lifted the quaint samovar, "what was you saying about graduating the other day?"

"I said there was a big entertainment with an orchestra playing, mamma. Everyone who passes gets diplomas and has flowers. It's just grand!"

"What's them things, diplomas?" asked her father suspiciously, tilting back his chair as he spoke.

"Rolls of paper with writing on them saying you've finished public school," explained Leah. "If you don't pass eighth grade, you don't get none. When you go to work, papa," she added, "you show it to the boss, and he knows you're educated."

"Well," replied her parent, slightly mollified, "see to it you get one then."

Leah turned once more to her mother. "And they wear white dresses, mamma," she continued, "and—and—" She hesitated and glanced almost furtively at her father. "Elsa Wilhelm said today that there ain't ever such sailor dresses like mine. They're fancy dresses, swell ones. Elsa says, 'My mamma, she will buy me a dress from silk, already.' That's how she says in the park to me. 'It will have many pleats.' So Elsa says."

The front legs of Papa Petrovna's chair came down with a bang. His low-browed, hirsute countenance grew yet more apeline. "From silk? From silk?" he almost screamed. "Is it that I should buy a dress from silk for a dumb kid what ain't ever earned a cent yet? And your papa not selling enough fruit and vegetables off his cart to buy bread for his family! Is it that I should take the bread from the mouths of her mother and brothers and sister?" He turned to Rebekah in scorn. "If it is for freshness that these here papers are given, this kid will get one quick. From silk! Well, I guess not."



Abraham Petrovna

DRAWINGS BY G. F. HOWARD



"Mamma, mamma, they're comin'!" cried Abe, who was one wriggle from head to toe

AN EPISODE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By Maj. Gen. William Harding Carter, U.S.A., Retired

IN war the interests of individuals count for nothing except as they merge in the common purpose to win victory. Nevertheless, in all wars it is the human story that holds attention; round it is woven the romance that lingers in the lavender of memory long after the sound of the guns has died away.

When the American Revolution began there was a gallant young gentleman from Prince George County, Maryland—Otho Holland Williams, by name—who commended himself to his superiors by virtue of his education and his soldierly ability. His character as exhibited by his later career was discernible even then in his letters to his kinsmen. To a brother he wrote:

We should not hope to be wealthy or fear to be poor; we never shall want, and whoever considers the true source of his happiness will find it in a very great degree arising from a delicate concern for those dependent upon him, useful employments and the approbation of his friends. There is more true felicity to be found in a bare competence and domestic industry than in any other circumstances.

It would give me pain if the world should believe any person with the same advantages may do more than I may. Fortune does a great deal in all military adventures, and therefore I am not to say whether this reproach will come upon me or not. But you may rely upon it, discretion and fortitude shall govern my conduct.

During his first year of service young Williams acquired the confidence and esteem of his superiors and in 1776 was promoted to the grade of major of a rifle regiment of Maryland and Virginia troops. During the action at Fort Washington he received a severe gunshot wound in the groin and was captured by the British. He remained a prisoner for fifteen months, but for a time he was allowed the freedom of Long Island on parole. Because he resented some taunting and humiliating remarks of a British officer his parole was canceled, and he was confined in a filthy dungeon in New York with Ethan Allen.

As most of the early colonists were descended from long lines of British ancestors, it is not to be expected that all ties of kinship should have vanished immediately upon the outbreak of war with the mother country. Much of the irritation and sense of injustice that gradually produced an estrangement of the most bitter character was owing to the untactful methods and manners of British officers and agents. Many Americans had previously served with British troops in the French and Indian wars and were well aware of the disdain in which the officers held colonial troops; incidents were not lacking to create new and to reopen old wounds in the minds of the proud and brave men of the Revolutionary army.

The officers of the British army then as now contained representatives of the best and bravest families, but in all large aggregations of men there are some who do not measure up to the high standard of mental and moral equipment expected of those who hold army commands.

Transforming favorable openings into lost opportunities seems to be a fatal faculty in the make-up of some men. A lamentable instance where the powers of evil seemed perpetually triumphant over right occurred during the Revolution and resulted in the untimely sacrifice of a modest, worthy and high-minded British officer.

During his captivity young Williams made the acquaintance of Major Acland of the British army, and a warm friendship sprang up between them. Some of the British officers resented the intimate relations, and on one occasion after Williams had been dining with

the Aclands and his host had invited him to accompany him to an assembly, as the balls of that day were called, the British major was greatly chagrined at the lack of courtesy that they showed his guest. Acland did not conceal his contempt and forthwith withdrew with Williams.

At the Battle of Saratoga, Major Acland was wounded and captured. The pitiable plight and natural anxiety of his young wife, who, anticipating a victorious march of the forces to New York, had accompanied him from Canada, induced General Burgoyne to write the following letter to General Gates:

Sir, Lady Harriet Acland, a lady of the first distinction of family, rank and personal virtues, is under such concern on account of Major Acland, her husband, wounded and a prisoner in your hands, that I cannot refuse her request to commit her to your protection. Whatever general impropriety there may be in persons in my situation and yours to solicit favors, I cannot see the uncommon perseverance in every female grace and exaltation of character of this lady and her very hard fortune without testifying that your attentions to her will lay me under obligations. I am sir,

Your obedient servant, J. Burgoyne.

Major Acland was paroled and was permitted to proceed with Lady Acland to New York. General Gates, the commander of the American army at Saratoga, stipulated that an exchange between Major Acland and Major Williams should be effected, and that was ultimately accomplished. The British commander in New York who had treated Major Williams with severity and contempt invited him to dine, on learning of the insistent demand for his exchange with Major Acland, but the young patriot declined the invitation. The exchange of prisoners was duly accomplished.

The friendship between Williams and Acland resulted in constant endeavors on the part of the British officer to ameliorate the condition of American prisoners of war, whose treatment had engendered a feeling of great bitterness throughout the country. After returning to England, Major Acland was present at a mess dinner at which the courage of Americans was questioned, and so warmly did he defend the reputation of his recent enemies that in the heat of argument he gave the lie direct to a Lieutenant Loyd, who promptly challenged him. In the duel that followed Major Acland was shot in the head and killed. Lady Harriet Acland became insane with grief and remained for two years in an asylum.

General Phillips, the local commander who had placed Major Williams and Ethan Allen in a dungeon, was later sent to Virginia with Benedict Arnold as second in command to devastate the country adjacent to the James River. Phillips died on that service and left Arnold in command. Whether from intuition or from fear Arnold availed himself of leave



Gen. Otho Holland Williams

and went to New York and thus escaped capture; for his troops were absorbed into the army of Cornwallis prior to the surrender at Yorktown.

During the captivity of Major Williams his native state had not been unmindful of his interests,—or of its own,—for he emerged from prison as colonel of the Maryland line. He joined Washington's army in time to participate in the Battle of Monmouth, which took place in June, 1778. Later Colonel Williams wrote a description of the Independence Day celebration:

On the 4th instant the anniversary of American Independence was celebrated in the following manner: At 3 o'clock in the afternoon a cannon was discharged as a signal for the troops to get under arms. Half an hour afterwards the second fire was a signal for the troops to begin their march, and at four the third signal was given for the troops to be drawn up in two lines on the west side of the Raritan, which they did in beautiful order. A flag was then hoisted for the *feu de joie* to begin. Thirteen pieces of artillery were then discharged, and a running fire of small arms went through the lines, beginning at the right front line, catching the left and ending at the right of the second line. The field pieces in the intervals of brigades were discharged in the running fire, thus affording a harmonious and uniform display of music and fire, which was thrice well executed. After the *feu de joie* the general officers and officers commanding brigades dined with his excellency, General Washington. Yesterday a number of field officers shared the same fate, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the old warrior in very fine spirits.

A French officer who was invited to ride with Washington and view his troops wrote in his journal:

At our return we found a good dinner ready and about twenty guests among whom were generals Howe and Sinclair. The repast was in English fashion, consisting of eight or ten large dishes of butcher's meat and poultry with vegetables of several sorts, followed by a second course of pastry, comprised under two denominations of pies and puddings. After this the cloth was taken off, and apples and a great quantity of nuts were served, which General Washington usually continues eating for two hours, toasting and conversing all the time. These nuts are small and dry and have so hard a shell (hickory nuts) that they can only be broken by the hammer; they are served half open, and the company are never done picking and eating them. The conversation was calm and agreeable. His Excellency was pleased to enter with me into the particulars of some of the principal operations of the war, but always with a modesty and conciseness which proved that it was from pure complaisance he mentioned them. About half past seven we rose from table, and immediately the servants came to shorten it and convert it into a round one. I was surprised at this maneuver and asked the reason of it; I was told they were going to lay the cloth for supper. In half an hour I retired to my chamber, fearing lest the general might have business and that he remained in company on my account; but at the end of another half hour I was informed that His Excellency expected me to supper. I returned to the dining room, protesting against this supper; but the general told me he

was accustomed to take something in the evening; that if I would be seated I should only eat some fruit and assist in the conversation. I desired nothing better, for there were then no strangers, and nobody remained but the general's military family. The supper was composed of three or four light dishes, some fruit and above all a great abundance of nuts, which were as well received in the evening as at dinner.

When Colonel Williams assumed command of his new regiment it was still in the making, but under his careful training it soon became the equal of any in the army—a circumstance that led later to his being chosen for duty with the Southern army, where he and his highly-trained and well-disciplined Marylanders saved the day on several critical occasions.

Time has softened the asperities of feeling engendered during the Revolution, especially the animosity that prevailed against the Tory families of New York, Philadelphia, Charleston and of the Carolinas. Especially in the South was their attitude dangerous to the cause of liberty, which had reached a low ebb when General Gates was ordered to assume command of the small and heterogeneous assembly called an army.

General Gates obtained the services of Colonel Williams, who served as adjutant general and at the same time continued in command of his regiment. The defeat at Camden caused the relief of Gates by Greene, who relied upon Williams even more than Gates had done. With Daniel Morgan, Light-Horse Harry Lee and Washington of the Dragoons, Marion and other energetic partisan commanders in the Southern army Williams held his own and was eventually sent to Congress with dispatches and an earnest recommendation from General Greene for his promotion, which he had earned most gloriously in his conduct of Greene's rear guard during the pursuit by Lord Cornwallis. On Williams's receiving his well-merited promotion, General Greene wrote:

I congratulated you on your promotion, from which I felt a singular happiness, but observed at the same time that the manner was more honorable to you than satisfactory to the other colonels of the army. Colonel Pinckney wrote me on the subject, and I believe has written to Congress. I expect other colonels will feel the same injury and very likely make the same application. You are not to expect that everybody will subscribe to the justice of your promotion. You must content yourself with having obtained it and that no man is without his enemies but a fool.

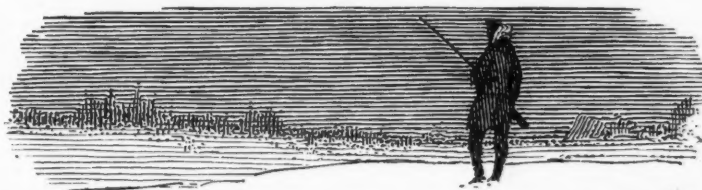
Toward the end of the war Williams wrote to his brother:

My disposition is wholly domestic. The hope of terminating this tour of service with a little good fortune and of returning once more to my friends supports me under all my anxiety and danger. I am happy in my office, in my command and in my connections. My health is seldom impaired, though my feelings are wounded every day by such circumstances as I have frequently related, so that I have a mixture of pleasure and pain in the exercise of my profession, which I ardently wish I may soon have an honorable opportunity of changing for some silent, sweet domestic occupation.

When released from the army, General Williams took up his residence in Baltimore. In 1792 General Knox, who then was Secretary of War, informed him that President Washington had chosen him for appointment as the senior brigadier and second in command of the permanent establishment, but Williams declined the proffered honor.

Arduous service and constant exposure during the war had made serious inroads in his constitution, and in 1794, while on a journey in the Shenandoah Valley, General Williams passed away at the early age of forty-five—one of a long line of heroic patriots.

DECORATION BY W. A. DWIGGINS



"But, Abe," ventured his wife, "if the other children have them?"

"Some parents are fools," Abraham Petrovna said. "Speak no more of it, Rebekah. The idea makes me have a fierce mad."

Accordingly no one said any more on the subject, but the tears that Leah hastily brushed away were not unobserved by her mother. The long-suffering woman gave renewed thanks that market day had summoned Abraham away at four o'clock on the next morning. Then with the patient tenacity of her race she pondered over the new problem, for she lived for her children's happiness. Bitterly she blamed herself for not having faced the difficulty sooner.

Commencement day came at the end of June, and the picnic had been held on the 4th. It would be impossible to save the money, but Rebekah did not give up hope. "Don't feel bad, darlink. Mamma will get you a dress," she whispered, and the child ceased to grieve. Young as she was, she already knew much of the nature of Rebekah.

Not till the day before commencement did Leah venture to ask a question about the great event. For weeks conversation at recess had had no other topic; but Leah too was of the race that is patient and endures. "Tomorrow's commencement, mamma. Do I wear the sailor dress?"

How fast the small heart beat as the child

awaited the answer. It seemed to her that she could not bear even to sit on the platform in her simple white sailor suit, much less to recite a "piece." She knew in minute detail how dazzling the glories of the others would be, and tears of relief suffused her eyes as her mother calmly replied:

"Do I not keep my promise? You shall have the dress tomorrow, darlink."

The day of commencement dawned sunny and warm. After Abraham had departed for his wagon Rebekah went into their bedroom and drew a large pasteboard box from beneath the bed. She brought it into the kitchen, for the bedroom was dark.

"Wat's that, mamma?" asked Izzy.

"Look and see. Yes, Leah, darlink,"—for the child was white with excitement,—"it's the dress. Only wait a moment and you shall see."

She took the cover off. "Keep back, Izzy, or mamma'll potch you. Sarah, hold on to Abe!" Mrs. Petrovna began to unfold layers of tissue paper.

Another moment and she was holding up before wondering eyes an accordion-pleated white silk dress, trimmed with quantities of cheap lace.

For an instant even Izzy was still. Then Leah flung her arms round her mother's neck. "O mamma, it's lots grander than Elsa's! Mamma, I love you for always!"

"That German child Elsa shall not make my child to be ashamed," said Mrs. Petrovna quickly. "Look in the box, my daughter, and see what else is there."

"Say, Leah, can I have the dress when you outgrow it?" asked Sarah enviously.

"I ain't goin' to outgrow it," replied her sister briefly; she was lost in admiration of the slippers, the stockings and the wide white hair ribbon that the wonderful box contained.

"From silk! Just think!" exclaimed Izzy, whose fingers were itching to feel.

"Come, Leah, and prepare; already it grows late." Flushed with excitement, Rebekah proceeded to adorn her daughter.

Half an hour later the ecstatic Leah departed for school. Fifteen minutes later still Rebekah and Sarah were about to set out, when a dismal and familiar howling reached them from down the hall. It drew nearer, and Izzy entered, leading Abe; blood smeared one temple, and he was crying.

"He tried to swipe an apple off old man Schmidt," yelled Izzy above the howls. "Mrs. Schmidt, she seen him and tried to potch him, but he dodged and slipped and hit his head on the corner of a big box."

"Oi, oi! And is my son a thief? Shame does he bring to me and to his papa when he shall hear! Run on, Sarah," Mrs. Petrovna shouted above the roars that had greeted her mention of paternal wrath. "I must see to this bad boy and tell my sorrow to Mrs. Schmidt." Rebekah gazed sternly upon the tiny four-year-old culprit. Theft she regarded with horror.

By the time Mrs. Petrovna had settled the affair and was hastening toward the school the exercises were well under way. Yet still further delay awaited the unlucky woman. As she rounded the last corner she came upon her husband driving his peddler's cart.

Abraham's unlovely face was flushed, and as he caught sight of his wife it grew still darker. With a hurried word to the boy who was his helper he jumped down and hastened toward Rebekah. He was so angry that he reverted to his native tongue. "Rebekah, what does this mean?" he demanded, and his voice shook with wrath. "I have been earning our bread. What have you been doing? Why is our kiddush cup, our golden kiddush, in the shop of Sol Greenberg this day? Why have you pawned that precious cup? Remember you not the olden days? Did we not use it even then to celebrate the Sabbath feast? Tell me is this my wife so to do?"

Rebekah's bright color faded. "My child shall not be made to feel ashamed by the child of them German Wilhelms," she said for the second time that day.

Abraham fairly danced with rage. "Oi, oi! I see! For a gentile dress from silk you pawned it. I will go to the school. I will take Leah to the shop of Sol Greenberg, my friend. The kiddush will be return. The clothes will he take instead."

Rebekah grew pale. "That is my kiddush, Abraham," she replied falteringly. "It was my father's before me."

But Abraham had already started up the street, and she could only follow helplessly. He raced up the steps of the school, and his wife ran after him. With angry strides he entered the building and passed straight through the wide-open doors into the crowded assembly hall directly opposite.

Even the wrathful Abraham paused for a moment to stare at the impressive scene before him. On the platform were rows and rows of white-frocked little girls, and dark-suited boys behind them formed a warm and embarrassed background to their glory. At the front of the platform sat the weary-looking teachers, the board of education and other dignitaries. The principal was on his feet, addressing the audience; his words reached Abraham and Rebekah.

"Leah Petrovna," he was saying, "has the very highest record in scholarship of any member in her class. That means—for he was mindful of the limitations of his audience—that she has done the best work and has made the highest grades in arithmetic, history, spelling and reading; in short, in all the subjects that she has studied. We are very proud of Leah, and I'm sure her father and mother feel proud of her today. I for one shall listen with great pleasure to her recitation entitled My America."

There was mighty applause while the principal bowed and smiled at no other person than little Leah Petrovna in her accordion-pleated silk frock. Pale with excitement and with her great eyes shining like stars, the child advanced from the ranks of her classmates. Some one handed her a

flag; the audience became quiet, and then her clear young voice rang out:

"America, the precious land our fathers loved so well,
America, the promised land, thy praises I do tell—"

To Rebekah it seemed the most wonderful of all poems, and wonderful was the flag salute that followed, with Leah standing stiff and straight, holding out the Stars and Stripes while everyone in the house rose to make loyal gesture and pledge.

As for Abraham, who shall interpret the thoughts of his startled Yiddish brain? Did he recognize in America the true land of promise and in Leah the interpreter of that

message to him and his? Who can say? Something surely he gained, for as the music ceased and the crowd sat down he turned to the exalted Rebekah. "Rebekah, I down wrong to holler at you," he said. "My girl should not be put to shame by that yellow-haired gentile child Elsa—and her smarter! Brains has our Leah got, Petrovna brains like my father's. Such should have a dress from silk. Today Leah makes her father to have proud of her."

Rebekah Petrovna wept softly for joy. "Say, could we send her to the high school a little while perhaps?" she murmured. "Max Wilhelm goes to send Elsa."

"Sure, why not? Ain't our Leah smarter?" demanded Abraham Petrovna indignantly.

A MESSAGE TO CHIEF JOSEPH *By* Frank Robertson



It seemed that no human effort could prevent our being sucked under

Chapter Four. Down the Pahsimeroi

I THINK that I felt every sensation that the knife would have inflicted had it really struck me; but, as it did not come down at once, the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself, and I rolled over on my side. Where the Indian's blurred form had been appeared two writhing figures. From one of them came the hissing, almost inaudible gasps of a man who is slowly being choked.

"Quiet, lad," I heard Leander whisper. I crawled closer to the struggling men and saw Leander's grim, whiskered countenance above the distorted face of the Bannock. The iron fingers of one hand were locked round the wrist that held the knife and, although the Indian was the larger man, kept his arm rigidly helpless by sheer superiority of strength. The other hand was closed relentlessly round the Bannock's throat. The free hand of the enemy was clawing futilely at Leander's buckskin-clad back.

There was nothing that I could do except to keep my rifle ready to fire and to watch for the other Indians, whom the noise of the struggle might attract. But the fight was unbelievably silent; the old mountaineer had his man pinned to the ground so effectually that he could hardly move. Yet even so it seemed that at least one of the others must hear his rasping breath. Apparently, however, each Indian had gone in a different direction. Gradually the hissing sound decreased, and finally it ceased altogether. A few moments later Leander released his hold, and with a

limp movement the Indian's head rolled sideways. "Come," Leander panted.

I had no desire to delay; anything that would take us away from those knives in the darkness appealed to me. We crawled to the foot of a ragged-looking ledge of rock that formed the bluff side of the gulch. Feeling in the darkness for rough projections to serve as handholds, Leander began to climb it. I followed close at his heels, and presently we were at the top. Both of us were exhausted. "Might as well stay right here until it gets lighter," Leander whispered. "The fat's in the fire anyhow."

"Did you kill that Indian?" I asked. "Don't know; but whether he's dead or only unconscious, they'll know there's enemies on their trail. And anyway we'll not get our horses now."

"It was all my fault," I said humbly. "Not a bit of it," Leander replied promptly. "We've both got to do what we think is best. If it pans out wrong, 'tain't nobody's fault. It never gits you anywhere to go searchin' for somebody to cinch the blame on to."

"I think I can find our ponies. Shall I try to get them?" I asked.

"No, we're done with 'em. They'd only make it easier for Buffalo Horn to track us. And if he didn't waste time tryin' to foller us, we shouldn't stand no earthly chance keepin' up with 'em. We've got to try something else."

By looking over the top of the ledge we could plainly see the Indians' fire. Venturing to watch for a few moments, I observed that

Buffalo Horn and the two other Bannocks had returned. Soon afterwards Buffalo Horn shouted for the fourth Indian. He waited for a short while; then he called again and again. By that time they knew that something had happened to their man; I could see them talking and gesticulating together earnestly.

"We must go," said Leander.

"Where?"

"Away from here," he replied.

Before we had gone far we traveled backward and forward and in small circles and left as many tracks as we could in aimless, misleading confusion. Then for perhaps a quarter of a mile we crept along the top of the rocky ledge. The going was dangerous and unpleasant; at times we were forced to travel on all fours to keep from falling, and the sharp edges of rock cut through our moccasins. At last we turned abruptly and through brush and timber so dense that no horse could follow us began to ascend the mountain.

"I reckon they'll lose a lot of time before they find out 'tain't no use tryin' to trail us," Leander said exultantly.

"Are we going to give up reaching the Nez Percé?" I asked, as we continued into the mountains in a direction that I knew was at variance with the direction in which we should go to reach the Clearwater.

"Not until we reach the Clearwater," Leander replied. "Dave, we've got to win this race."

With that information I had to be satisfied. For the next twenty-four hours we plunged along through brush and timber in a region so wild and lonely that it seemed literally to compel us to be silent. The only stops that we made were for a few minutes' rest at four-hour intervals and once for two hours to broil a mountain goat that Leander had shot. All that I knew of our position was that we had ascended a high divide and had gone down the opposite side to a narrow valley through which ran a small, comparatively smooth river.

I began to understand something of Leander's plans when we came suddenly upon an old, deserted placer camp with fifteen or twenty log cabins and dugouts. Though the place was tumble-down and appeared to be deserted, Leander assured me that the winter before two trappers had used the dugouts. He went directly to the river and after half an hour's search succeeded in finding a light, somewhat dilapidated canoe. The bottom of it was lying in shallow water and was watertight; but in the sides were cracks that Leander declared a wildcat could crawl through.

We cut bark from the birches along the creek and for an hour industriously poked it into the cracks with our knives. Then, putting our rifles, our ropes and blankets and the rest of the goat meat into the craft, we drifted out upon the stream. For an hour or longer we were obliged to bail out water with an old, leaky pail that we had found in one of the dugouts, but soon the bark and the timber of the canoe swelled and we were able to put the pail aside.

It was then almost noon, and Leander, declaring that he could not sleep in the daytime, advised me to try to rest. Crouched in the narrow canoe, I was decidedly uncomfortable, but nevertheless I soon fell asleep from sheer weariness. When I finally awoke I was amazed to find that night had fallen. A full moon was casting a silvery light upon the water and was making weird, distorted shadows in the timber that lined either bank. I was astonished at the rapidity with which the trees seemed to be rushing upstream.

"Makin' good time, eh?" Leander said and smiled. "Beats horses, don't it?"

"Where are we?" I asked.

"On the Pahsimeroi. Now you git outside some of that goat meat and git ready to take the paddle for a few hours while I sleep. We'll hit the Salmon before daylight, and then I'll relieve you."

I was a little worried when I first tried my skill with the paddle in the rapid little river, but I soon came to have confidence in myself as I saw how readily the light craft responded to my efforts. Except for the croaking of the frogs in the swamps along the shore and the occasional mournful cry of some wandering coyote, all was silent as we drifted along under the stars. Leander slept as sound as a babe in its cradle.

At last, however, I gradually realized that for some little time I had been listening to a low, muffled roar that seemed to be becoming louder. I was wondering what it was when Leander stretched himself and sat up. "That's Salmon River we can hear," he said.

He reached over and splashed a double handful of the clear, cold water on his face. Then he wiped his arms and face dry with

his handkerchief and gnawed a few of the goat's ribs. Finally he relieved me of the paddle. "Old Salmon River don't like people to take any liberties with her, so you'd better eat before we hit her, and git ready to sit tight, for we've sure got a strenuous day ahead of us. If it wasn't fer puttin' a crimp in this Injun war, I'd never chance it with a craft like this."

I was just finishing my breakfast when the canoe plunged into Salmon River. I had thought that we were going fast before, but now the little boat seemed fairly to rush through the water. There was nothing that I could do except to sit still; my inexperienced hands would surely have wrecked us before we had gone half a mile. Time and again Leander had to fight with every ounce of his iron strength to get clear of rapids that sought with every evil wile to hurl us upon the rocks. Many times it seemed that no human effort could prevent our being sucked under; but Leander always lifted the little canoe into safety, though by so scanty a margin sometimes that we were soaked to our skins. On either side of us the high, steep slopes, scant of timber, frowned down upon us as if in angry protest at our invasion of their remote fastnesses.

Then almost before I realized it the sun had disappeared, and Leander was pulling for the north shore. "Right round the bend here," he said, "is where the Injuns will cross the Salmon. With the luck we've had we ought to be several hours ahead of 'em. We'll have one more chance at 'em, and this time we simply can't fail."

We dragged the canoe ashore and cached it; then Leander directed me to go back up the stream and hunt some game while he examined the ford where the Indians were expected to cross.

The region that we were in was virtually inaccessible. During the gold craze of the sixties a few prospectors, traveling in companies under a captain, had made superficial explorations, but for the most part the place was unknown except to Indians and a few daring mountaineers like Leander, and even their knowledge was confined to one or two trails. Game was plentiful; the man would be dull indeed who could not live by his rifle.

My legs were numb and cramped, and I was glad of the chance to exercise them. I had not walked a mile, however, before I had shot at a young buck that was coming down to water. I swiftly dressed my kill and set out to camp with the hind quarters.

Leander arrived at almost the same time as I did, and we quickly built a fire of dry, almost smokeless wood. The old mountaineer was sure that no one had crossed the river for weeks and that the route was the only one possible for the Indians to take. He was openly jubilant, but even so he still refused to satisfy my curiosity as to his plans except to say that we should have to depend mostly upon Brogan.

Early the next morning we climbed a high, rocky bar from which we had a good view of the ford. I enjoyed watching the white water go careening down the cañon, but I was heartily glad that our travel by water was ended. Leander was equally at home on a horse or in a boat, but I much preferred to do my traveling on "the hurricane deck" of a cayuse. I wondered whether I should ever ride Irish again. One look at the face of the indomitable old scout beside me and I was positive that I should.

As the hours dragged along and the Indians did not appear I wondered whether Leander could possibly have been mistaken. But about eleven o'clock Buffalo Horn and his party burst so suddenly out of a fringe of timber on the opposite side of the river that they startled me. There were only seven of them, so it was almost certain that Leander had killed the brave with whom he had fought. This time the Indians were driving the extra horses ahead of them; believing enemies to be on their trail, they were leaving no horses for them to use. Besides Remorse and Brogan there were the horse that the dead Indian had ridden and the two squaw ponies that we had abandoned.

"They've sure been ridin' to git here this quick," said Leander. "They'll never believe we're the ones that pestered 'em the other night."

With loud yells and resounding thumps of their ropes the Indians drove the loose horses into the water. They on their own mounts followed immediately; each knelt in his saddle to keep as dry as possible.

"Now look at old Brogan," Leander murmured excitedly.

The old buckskin horse really was worth looking at as he cut into the water like a muskrat and, while the other horses were floundering about and were being swept

down with the current, made straight for the opposite shore. He climbed out on the bank scarcely one hundred yards below where he had started and then grazed quietly until the other horses arrived. The Indians were enjoying the water and came out on the bank with whoops of laughter. None of them paid any attention to Brogan's superior swimming.

Buffalo Horn appeared to give a short order, and they rode several hundred yards from the river to a clump of pines where they unsaddled and turned their ponies loose to graze on a small meadow that ran back toward the stream. The high bar that we were on walled the meadow on one side, and another bar walled it on the opposite side. Thus the horses were fenced in on three sides, and the Indians were guarding the fourth.

A rather low ridge or bar ran out from the high backbone that we were on and left a kind of pocket three hundred yards long and perhaps fifty yards wide that was out of sight of the Indians, who were camped just round the end of the low ridge. We crept along the top of our bar until we were able to slip into the pocket, though I realized that if the Indians saw us, we should be in a death trap. Imagine my astonishment then when Leander prepared to make camp there; he even went so far as to gather wood for a fire and to stretch our blankets on sticks as if for shade. I thought that his plan must be to let the Indians discover us there and then to try to make friends with them. I did not like the idea at all and ventured to remonstrate.

Leander stroked his iron-gray whiskers thoughtfully. "Do you reckon you could sort of slip on top of that ridge above 'em and see how they act? If they find out I'm here before I git the horses, go to pourin' lead, for we'll have to have it out with 'em then to a finish. Remember, though, that we ain't to take any chances by fighting if we can possibly help it."

Greatly perplexed, I moved to a spot overlooking the Indians. They seemed to consider themselves out of danger, for they were stretched in the shade and were munching each a strip of dried venison. Yet every few minutes one of them would get up and, stepping out a few feet, glance at the horses. I could not hear what they were saying, and I had no inclination to go closer to them.

The horses, grazing quietly on the abundant grass in the meadow, were staying close to the centre of it; they were closer to the Indians than to Leander and were within easy rifle shot of either. There was not a bush to hide anyone who might try to sneak up on them. My heart grew suddenly heavy with disappointment.

The next moment I saw Brogan throw up his head inquiringly, and soon he began to move slowly away from the other horses toward the pocket where Leander was lying. For a while I was at a loss to understand, and then I saw that the horses were far enough down the meadow to be able to see Leander's imitation camp—for that was all that he had intended it to be. Brogan, the incorrigible old camp robber, thought he perceived another camp to loot.

Then followed several minutes of waiting in which the suspense was so acute as to be almost unbearable. Would Brogan continue? Would the other horses follow him? And if they did, would the Indians detect their peculiar movements? With exasperating indolence Brogan sauntered out of sight. The other animals seemed to pay no attention to him, though I observed that our horses had gradually separated from the Indians' horses.

Then to my intense joy I saw Singer throw up his head and follow Brogan. He had not gone far before Irish fell into the procession. Knowing that Remorse would not allow Irish to go far away from him, I waited no longer but backed slowly down the ridge until I was out of hearing of the Indians. Then, throwing discretion to the winds, I plunged toward Leander and the horses.

Leander already had caught Singer, and it took only a moment to catch Irish. In fact the horses crowded round us eagerly as if they were as glad to see us as we were glad to see them. In a few minutes we had our ropes twisted into makeshift hackamores and were ready to mount.

"I reckon old Buffalo Horn won't feel so almighty well mounted on one of those squaw ponies," Leander said and chuckled. "If we can just quietly work up over the shoulder where these two bars come together and then drop over into the trail ahead of 'em, they'll never see our heels again."

Perhaps the plan would have worked well if we could have had ten minutes' grace. But just then a yell told us that the Indians had discovered that the horses were missing.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Washington and Lafayette at Valley Forge
A fragment from an engraving after a painting
by Chappel

FACT AND COMMENT

THERE IS ONE ATTEMPT in which failure is unforgivable—the attempt to be funny.

Lend a Hand to drag the Sled uphill;
Earn your Right to know the Coaster's Thrill.

GOOD CAUSES are like bicycles: they keep going only so long as some one keeps pushing.

IN PARTS OF SOUTH AMERICA the people hold a civil engineer in such great esteem that when they call a man a doctor without any qualification they mean that he is a doctor, not of medicine, but of engineering.

ONE OF THE GREAT new locomotives of an Eastern railway is said to incorporate every valuable device that the makers could put into it. It has hauled a train more than a mile long, containing 147 cars, which, when loaded, weighed 10,039 tons.

SENDING A LETTER by radio from America to any point in Europe is not unlike sending a night letter by telegraph in this country. Letters filed in New York on Saturday are delivered in Europe the following Monday. The charge is six cents a word.

AT SOME PLACES in the Sierra Nevada and the Cascade Mountains from thirty to forty feet of snow falls during the winter months. At Summit, California, which has an elevation of about seven thousand feet, there has been recorded sixty feet of snow in a single season and about twenty-five feet in a single month.

THE BUILDING INDUSTRY in this country, after the busiest year in its history, seems assured of another year of the same sort. Much more building is expected in 1923 than was done in 1922, but the increase will be largely in buildings of an industrial, commercial or institutional nature rather than in dwelling houses, which formed the greater part of the business of 1922.

SUMMER WAS ONCE the season of sickness, in comparison with which winter was healthful; but of late years June, July and August have been among the most healthful months, and the great flood of sickness has come in midwinter. A great deal of it begins with a "common cold," which most persons regard too lightly: they do not realize the danger to themselves or the likelihood of their passing the infection on to others.

AFTER DEDUCTING all the dismissals up to the present time, there are about one hundred and twenty-three thousand more persons holding civil-service jobs than there were before the war. Of the increase the greater part is the result of the war rather than of new legislation. Veterans have preference in appointments to civil-service positions, but the Civil Service Commission has lately recommended that the law be somewhat modified.

THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY in celebrating its fiftieth anniversary reminds us that it began life in an abandoned iron water tank on the roof of the city hall. After the Chicago fire Thomas Hughes, the author of Tom Brown's School Days, assuming that the city library had been destroyed, collected ten thousand five hundred volumes in England and on the continent of Europe as a present to the city. The English people did not know that Chicago had never had a library. When the books arrived the mayor had them

put into the disused water tank, where the library flourished for several years. The present library, which contains about a million volumes, is one of the finest in the world.

NATIONALIZING THE COAL MINES

WHILE the fact-finding commission that the President and Congress set to work two or three months ago to investigate the coal industry is still in the midst of its labors the United Mine Workers announce their own "solution" of a difficult and exasperating problem. Their Research Committee is convinced that nothing except the ownership of all coal mines by the nation will do any good, and it apparently believes that nothing except national ownership is necessary to establish peace and justice in a harassed and agitated industry.

Briefly, the miners' plan is for the nation to issue \$4,500,000,000 in bonds, which, they think, would be enough to reimburse the mine owners for their property. They propose a national commission, headed by a secretary in the President's Cabinet, to conduct research, determine policies and fix the price of coal; and a national mining council, chosen by the commission from nominees made by the operators, the miners and the consumers of coal, to direct the actual production. They insist that every coal miner must be a member of the union and that there must be a national "basic" wage sufficient for a proper living. They declare furthermore that the arrangement that they propose cannot be expected to work well unless there is an organized labor party in politics to support it.

The United Mine Workers say that their plan should interest the public that uses coal because it is the only one that will satisfy the miners and lead to uninterrupted production. They are right when they say that no suggestion of any value whatever has come from the mine owners. That body of men is apparently unable to agree on any plan of reorganization that will reduce exorbitant prices and quiet the dissension within the industry; but it must be understood that the miners are chiefly interested in maintaining or increasing their own scale of wages. There is no reason to think that the price of coal would be less under national administration. If anything were saved from the mine owners' share, it would disappear in the inevitable extravagance of government administration and in the higher wages that political pressure would soon exact. It is significant that the miners do not discuss, or even mention, the opinion expressed by every neutral investigator that the coal industry is overcapitalized and overmanned. All the coal we need could be got from two thirds of the mines that are now open by two thirds of the men now employed. It is partly the need of paying two hundred thousand unnecessary mine workers a living wage that keeps the price of coal in the air. If the coal mines got squarely into politics, we cannot imagine that anything would be done to save that waste of labor. Indeed, there would be added to the unnecessary labor cost a cost of administration likewise inflated for political reasons.

The coal situation is baffling. We do not know what the best way out of the confusion is, but we hope that the national commission will have some valuable suggestions to make. Nationalization according to the mine workers' plan would, we suppose, produce a constant supply of coal, but at a price that would continue to burden the householder, the manufacturer and all who buy from him.

LAFAYETTE AND WASHINGTON

THE fame of Lafayette is a striking example of the eagerness with which humanity responds to the appeal of a generous and ardent nature. Lafayette is more widely and affectionately remembered today than many men of greater gifts and larger achievements; and curiously enough his name is more familiar here in America where he spent only a few years of his life than in his native country where his public services covered a period of almost half a century. That is because the most remarkable, the most memorable, thing in his life was his willingness to leave France and all the opportunities for pleasure and distinction that he enjoyed there to offer himself and, if need be, his life for a cause that he felt to be the cause of humanity. In so doing he became a symbol forever of the spirit in mankind that leaps

over the bounds of tribe or sect and counts itself the soldier of freedom and justice everywhere.

Few men have done more for France than Lafayette, and he did most for it when as a boy of twenty he left it for the United States. His generous deed bound the two countries into a firm friendship. The memory of his services to America had more than we realize to do with the enthusiasm with which our people at last took the field for France in the Great War. General Pershing's famous epigram before the grave of Lafayette was not mere rhetoric; it expressed in three words the eternal gratitude of a great people.

Washington was quick to appreciate the value of Lafayette to the cause of independence, and quick to respond to the charm and nobility of the young Frenchman's character. Theirs was one of the immortal friendships in history. The relation was not, as in most of the other famous cases, the relation between brother and brother but that between father and son. If Lafayette cheered and mellowed Washington, Washington strengthened and matured him. He would have been less of a man in all respects if he had found some other than Washington to be his guide and friend during those years of his first youth. And Washington's love for Lafayette is one of the most engaging manifestations of a character that at times seems almost cold in its lofty elevation.

WINTER LIGHT

WHAT impresses us first in the gray November days is the bleak aridity of winter. All the richness and glory of June foliage is gone utterly, and the earth, stripped bare, seems to shrink and shiver in its thin monotony of aged nakedness. The green amplitude of nature's summer covering is torn from her just when she needs protection most.

Then we realize what the gain of openness means in the abundance of light. With the cruel hot glare of August the screening comfort of forest leafage is absolutely indispensable. We could not endure the fury of sunshine that is poured about us if we had not the depths of glooming shade to resort to for coolness and shelter. But in winter the trees are stripped naked at the very time when we most cry out for every bit of light that is obtainable. What light there is at least is everywhere. The low sun crawls above the horizon and creeps along close to it, and the slanting rays make their way under every bough, creep in below projecting roofs, steal into cramped chambers and cramped hearts and take the message of warmth and cheer just where it is most needed.

And then comes the snow, and this creeping low light is reflected and multiplied and enriched into a blinding glory. The blaze of midwinter, which in July would extinguish us, in January brings only comfort and exhilaration. And there is the morning smoke, with the low light streaming through it: the delicacy, the variety, the subtle grace of color that that smoke reveals could never be imagined in the high-lit, leaf-screened tranquility of summer dawns.

And then there is the coming of spring, and all this revelation of light is daily heightened in intensity. March is a month that has an ill name and that in some measure deserves it. It is a month of raw winds and harsh, bitter, melting-snowy airs. But above all things it is the month that has the serene, supreme, exultant splendor of light, which seems to sweep freshness and purity and rejuvenation into the darkest corners of the world and of the human heart.

AMERICAN INDIVIDUALISM

IN a booklet entitled American Individualism Secretary Hoover has recently given his countrymen something to think about. Individualism as the word is used in textbooks of political economy may be an indefinite term, but as employed by Mr. Hoover it has a quite definite meaning. He maintains that the position that the American people has attained in the world is the result of an individualistic policy that our ancestors naturally adopted when they first came here, and that we have adhered to throughout our whole history—a policy of "safeguarding to every individual an equality of opportunity to take that position in the community to which his intelligence, character, ability and ambition entitle him." It is, however, not merely the protection of the individual in

his efforts; it comprehends also the "stimulation of the effort of each individual to achievement," "while he in turn must stand up to the emery wheel of competition."

The spirit underlying the socialistic and semisocialistic ideas of the time is a continued and insidious menace to individualism. That the spirit is rife in this country and is an increasing force is simply evidence that not all thinkers agree with Mr. Hoover. Many of the socialistic measures are born of a sincere desire to help the helpless—to give a little better than the ordinary opportunity to those who have not the ability to rise even to a mediocre place; but if those measures also repress and hamper those who might rise to leadership, they overthrow the principles that have opened the doors of preferment to all who have the ambition and the ability to enter them.

There is another side, which must not be forgotten. Men who have the qualities and the impulse to rise too often become arrogant and domineering in the positions that they have won; and autocracy is as bad as socialism in its effect on individual freedom. But fortunately the most flagrant examples of attempted domination in the economic field have been curbed by law, and in the political field by direct action of the people at the polls.

Mr. Hoover himself would of course admit that a system of full and unrestrained individualism is an impossible political policy. He does not put forward his American Individualism as the only article of his creed, but he is right in maintaining that equal opportunity for all must be one of our rigid national principles.

CONFERENCES

SENATOR BORAH'S sensational proposal of an international conference to bring about disarmament on land and to consider the economic state of the world, although it was withdrawn without the Senate's having acted on it, nevertheless served a useful purpose. Since the close of the Great War the attempts to settle the territorial, economic and political matters that the conflict left in confusion have been by conferences. To say that the confusion still exists and that conferences are still held and others proposed is only another way of saying that the conferences have not been successful.

Experience has taught us something more, which, after all, is a truism: that every conference is foredoomed to failure if a single nation that is a party to it shows itself resolved to hold its own course regardless of the will of other nations. That was true of Mr. Lloyd George's two conferences; the efforts made at them to persuade Russia to take an honest and sensible view of its duty toward those whom it had plundered were futile. It was true also of all the prime ministers' meetings and their discussions of the matter of reparations; true even of the Versailles conference, where the series began. Not one of them had the tone and atmosphere of the Washington conference, which succeeded exactly in the measure in which its members were animated by a will to agree.

Viewed in that way, the present prospect seems hopeless, and so it is also hopeless to consider Mr. Borah's proposal. Whenever it is proposed to limit armament on land France replies with an emphatic "I will not do it"—a reply that would lead to a final adjournment of a conference on the very first day. The world must wait until some combination of events that we cannot now foresee shall have convinced France that it can safely disarm. Meanwhile the unanimous conviction of the rest of the world that France can safely do it would not affect either French policy or French opinion.

For similar reasons the time is not ripe for an economic conference; it is not now possible to formulate measures of economic restoration to which even a majority of the nations concerned would agree. Moreover, how, if we called or entered such a conference, could we refuse to accept measures that the European governments would be sure to bring forward and sure to approve, but that would plunge us into the confusion of European debts, finances and reparations? They would wish us to cancel or to compromise their debts to us. They would expect us to make fresh loans to them—in other words, to lend to bankrupts on their own terms. They might even intimate to us that the American tariff is an obstacle to their recovery and advise us to modify it. Merely to state the possibilities is to show not only

how inexpedient but how futile such a conference must be.

The necessity of the hour is indeed a general agreement upon European problems—reparations, debts, currencies, commercial treaties; but first of all the uncertainties about present conditions must be removed, and no conference could remove them. Facts ascertained by competent and unbiased inquirers are the only useful basis of decisions. As an essential preliminary to action the President proposes that a "fact-finding" commission, composed of the most eminent and trusted financial experts of all countries, be appointed to study conditions and to advise what can and should be done. Whether such a commission will be appointed remains to be seen. The conclusions it might reach would at all events impose a stronger moral pressure upon an obdurate government than the resolutions of any conference.

To Our Readers

American Interests in the Near East
by the REV. JAMES L. BARTON,
Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions.

Gliders and Helicopters

by EDWARD P. WARNER, Pro-
fessor of Aeronautical Engineering.

The Romance of Radio

by ROBERT A. MORTON,
formerly Lieutenant U.S.N.R.

Those are the titles and writers of three papers soon to appear in *The Companion*. They are typical of the timely articles that the editors will supply throughout the year. They are valuable, they are readable.

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CURRENT EVENTS

THE governor and the attorney-general of Louisiana are making a brave attempt to uncover the facts of the kidnaping and murder of Daniel and Richards at Mer Rouge last summer. Common report has laid the crime at the door of the local Ku Klux organization, and the extent to which the parish authorities are implicated is shown by the issuing of a warrant for the arrest of the former mayor of Mer Rouge. The trial may result in the conviction of some or all of the men who are accused, but it is not so probable that it will be clearly shown what share if any the Ku Klux Klan had in the affair. It is said in extenuation of the murder that the men who were killed were bad in reputation and in conduct, but Louisiana is not a state in which the government is so feebly organized that private vengeance or secret punishment by irresponsible gangs can be excused.

HOW difficult it is to get two nations that are looking at an international situation from entirely different angles to see things in the same way! Secretary Hughes urges France to consent to a reduction of the German debt and to view the reparation problem as a purely economic affair, without any political bias. So far we have not heard of any Frenchman of importance who is in the least impressed with the appeal. The reason is plain. The reparation problem is for the United States nothing in the world but a problem in economics. The same is true in large measure of Great Britain. But for France it is both economic and political. Until France

and Germany forget the centuries of national rivalry and the repeated attempts at conquest first by one nation, then by the other, every issue between them will be complicated with political feeling of the most rancorous kind. There is unfortunately no prospect that the moment of mutual forgiveness is at hand. France has more to fear from an economically strong Germany than we in this country can easily imagine, but how immeasurably the hope of a tolerable future for the European millions would be improved if France and Germany could agree to bury the ambitions and the hatreds both of the past and of the present!

THE second change in President Harding's Cabinet will occur on March 4, when Secretary Fall will retire from the Department of the Interior. Mr. Fall says that he leaves office because his private affairs need attention, but it is believed that he has not been wholly happy in office, for he has not always been able to agree with the policy of the Administration either in foreign or in domestic affairs.

WE hear on good authority that the geologists have found among the Tushar Mountains in Utah a large deposit of alunit, a rare mineral that is exceedingly valuable because it contains aluminium, potash and sulphuric acid, all in easily reducible form. Commercially it is an inviting substance, for it is said that any one of its three constituents will pay for the work of extracting all three, so that the other two are all profit. Aluminium is a light and durable metal suitable for a hundred uses, and the commercial supply has never been equal to the demand. Both potash and sulphuric acid are in constant use. The potash is of especial value in producing mineral fertilizer. For years Germany has had almost a monopoly of cheaply produced potash.

THE newspapers have all printed dispatches from Moscow describing the way in which certain students in the University of Moscow and the League of Communist Youth celebrated the Russian Christmas—January 7. They organized a procession in which they exhausted their ingenuity in contriving blasphemous satires on religion and on the holy day itself. At the end of the affair a great effigy that was marked with the name of God was taken to a bonfire and burned. The Bolsheviks' hatred of every kind of religion is notorious, but it is significant that while their procession passed through the streets the churches were filled with throngs of devout worshippers.

THE brother of Premier Mussolini, who may be supposed to have unusual opportunities of learning what the policy of the new government is to be, says that one of the first reforms will be to abolish all tariffs on imports and to establish a fiscal system based on almost absolute free trade. The state railways are now managed with rigid economy. The railway staff has been reduced by about fourteen thousand men, the hours of work have in some cases been increased, and a system of rewards for conspicuously faithful service has been introduced. Mussolini hopes thus to save five hundred million lire a year.

IT is announced from Peking that General Chen, the head of the government of South China at Canton, has offered to submit to the central government at Peking. The Canton government is the one of which Dr. Sun Yat-sen was president until General Chen turned him out last summer. Perhaps the news that the Sun party is reviving and has already got some territory back from General Chen accounts for his readiness to make terms with Peking.

A NEW YORK clothing manufacturer has turned over his business to his employees, lent them \$250,000 to serve as working capital and agreed to advise them without any salary or other payment how to run the business. For the present the manufacturer, Mr. Dix, and his son will probably continue as actual managers of the factory, after which it will be seen whether the workpeople can develop among themselves the necessary ability and unselfishness to conduct the business successfully and for the benefit of all. Everyone will be interested to watch the course of this significant experiment. Mr. Dix is himself a native of Russia and was forty-two years old when he came to the United States.



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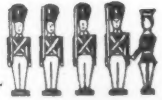
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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



THE WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY PARTY

By Ina Agnes Poole

CARL and Emily Herren were much excited over the Washington Birthday party, for they had between them a wonderful secret. They were going to dress like George and Martha Washington and tell stories to the other children and afterwards help pass the refreshments. There would be ice cream with a chocolate hatchet in the middle, and cherries sent all the way from California.

The three-cornered hat for Carl had already come from the city and was stored away in the wardrobe upstairs, but the dressmaker did not finish the rest of the costumes until the afternoon of the party.

Emily and Carl went to the dressmaker's house early that afternoon and put the big package on their sled. Then they started for home as fast as they could go. Since there had been a thaw and a freeze the day before, the streets were slippery, and sliding down the hills was great fun. Carl sat in front to guide and Emily sat behind, holding the package in her lap.

They passed a boy and a girl walking along the road and talking so earnestly that they did not even look up when Carl guided the sled round them.

"I do wish that we could go to the party, George," the little girl was saying.

"I do too, but my trousers are nothing but patches and your dress is faded."

Carl and Emily heard no more because the sled reached the top of another hill and swept down it with a swoop.

"George Keller and his sister Martha can't go to the party because they have nothing to wear," Carl said when the sled had finally come to a stop.

"That must be the reason why they never come to Sunday school," said Emily thoughtfully.

"I don't suppose it would do to tell them they could wear our best clothes," suggested Carl.

"No, it wouldn't," his sister answered. Then Carl looked at Emily, and Emily looked at Carl. There was a way, but they did not want to think about it. Carl picked up the sled rope, and they started for home.

But all of a sudden Emily stopped. "I'm going to let Martha wear my Martha Washington dress," she said with a little catch

DRAWN BY HAROLD SICHTEL



"Martha and George are dressed up like Martha and George Washington!" exclaimed the youngest girl in the room

in her voice, for it was hard to give up the chance of wearing the pretty flowered dress and of powdering her hair. "I'll take it to her now."

"I'll go with you and give the George Washington suit to George. He and Martha can tell the stories just as well as you and I could," said Carl.

They turned round and started to go up the long hill to the Keller home. The hill was slippery and hard to climb, but at last, much out of breath, they turned into the Keller yard. George and Martha were just at the door of the house.

"Here are the suit and the dress," Carl called to them. Then he stopped, not knowing what to say next.

"This is a Martha Washington dress, and this is a George Washington suit," Emily said and began to untie the package. "We want you to wear them."

"To the party?" asked Martha, much astonished.

"Yes, to the party. You are to tell the story about the cherry tree, and George is to tell about the colt. Then you must help pass the ice cream. It has hatchets in the middle and cherries that came from California. Will you?"

"Oh, of course we will!" Martha cried delightedly.

"Meet us at the corner by the drug store," said Emily.

"I'll bring you the hat that goes with the costume," Carl added to George.

That evening the four children met at the corner, and George put on the little three-cornered hat that had come from the city. Together they climbed the steps of the house where the party was. When they went into the living room the children laughed and shouted, "Look at Martha and George!"

"Martha and George are dressed up like Martha and George Washington!" exclaimed the youngest girl in the room. Then everybody laughed again.

"Why, I never thought of that," Emily whispered to her brother.

"I didn't think of it either," Carl whispered back. "Aren't you glad that we did it?"

Emily nodded her curly head happily. "Doesn't Martha look sweet in that dress? And with his hair powdered, George looks exactly like George Washington. Sh! Martha's beginning my—her story."

THE TREE-TOP PLAYHOUSE

By Jessie M. Lathrop

MARY LOU's mother and father had moved into a new house in a new part of town, and their yard had just been graded and sown to grass. The tiny green shoots were coming up, but Mary Lou quite understood that it would never do to walk on them. So she sat on the front porch and played with her doll Floribel or sat on the back porch and looked at the apple tree. Its lovely cool shade was inviting, but Mary Lou knew that, if she played under it, she would destroy the grass, and she did not want to do that. But she never grew tired of looking at the tree from the back porch or of dreaming of the time when she and Floribel could have tea parties under its big branches.

"I declare," said Mary Lou's mother one day, "if it were not so dusty under the tree, I should tell you to play there now."

"Oh, I can wait until next year when the grass has grown strong," answered Mary Lou cheerfully.

That afternoon she carried her little table and chairs and Floribel's bed out on the front porch. Floribel had been fretful all the morning, and Mary Lou thought a nap would do her good. She was trying to rock her to sleep when some ladies came to see Mary Lou's mother. Since it was cool on the porch, they sat there. Mary Lou sat in her little rocker, but it is not very easy to quiet fretful babies when people all round you are talking.

After a while the ladies left, and Floribel had just begun to go to sleep when the boarders came home. You can't play house properly when four young men sit right there and joke about things. So mother noticed that when Mary Lou went upstairs to bed that night she was not an altogether happy little girl, and mother was a little worried.

The next morning Mrs. Jones, who lived next door, took Mary Lou into the country. All day long she and Floribel played under the trees, and the kind lady they visited even brought dinner and supper out to her. They did not reach home until dark, and Mary Lou was so tired that she went straight to bed, and slept later than usual the next morning.

"Aren't you going to get up, dear?" called her mother.

"Oh, yes," said Mary Lou. "I was thinking of yesterday under the trees, and I want to tell you all about it. I'll get up right away."

"Better hurry; I have something to show you," said her mother with a smile.

"Must I eat before you show me?"

UNNATURAL HISTORY

By Eliot Kays Stone

The mirror is a copy cat! Whatever you do, he does that! He has no features of his own, But shows whatever he is shown; So if you sulk and pout and frown, He sulks and pouts and frowns you down, But if you smile and smile and smile, You find him smiling all the while. And so, if I were in your place, I'd make him show a smiling face.

DRAWN BY MARGARET HARPER



"Not this once," was the startling answer. Mary Lou could not think of anything's being so important as that. What could it be? Her mother led her down the back stairs and opened the back door. What do you think Mary Lou saw? A brand-new board walk leading right up to the apple tree! She clapped her hands and danced up and down. "Oh, isn't it lovely!" she exclaimed.

She skipped out to the tree, and another surprise was there—little narrow steps.

Up she climbed and right there in the tree was a board platform with a stout railing round it, and Mary Lou's furniture all arranged. It was the shadiest, coolest, loveliest playhouse in the whole world; and Mary Lou said so when she could speak. She ate her breakfast there and almost all of her meals for the rest of the summer. After a while the robins and orioles didn't seem to mind having a little girl for a neighbor. They sang as usual, and Mary Lou sang too.

DRAWN BY ELISABETH B. WARREN



THE WIND'S IN THE FLAG

by NANCY BYRD TURNER

The winds in the flag—how it stirs the folds! The broad stripes ripple, the white stars shine; It is fluttering east and fluttering west, Your flag and mine.

It is fair as a flame on the tip of the staff, —So bright in story and brave in song— It is fluttering north and fluttering south, Lovely and strong.

Give it allegiance and loyal love, Pledge it your faith and all your powers. The wind's in its folds, — look up, salute That flag of ours!

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TYPHUS FEVER

TYPHUS fever prevails to an alarming ex-
tent in Eastern Europe and in Asia Minor.
Occasionally too it invades Central Europe,
and consequently some Americans are afraid that
immigrants from Poland and other countries
where the people are starving and miserable may
bring it to this country in spite of our careful
quarantine. As a matter of fact, it already exists
in mild form in New York City and in other large
cities, but fortunately the form, which is called
Brill's disease, seldom or never changes its char-
acter and becomes malignant typhus.

Typhus occurs chiefly among people who are
herded in squalid quarters and whose powers of
resistance have been weakened by privation. For-
merly it was called ship fever, jail fever and
camp fever, which shows eloquently enough what
the conditions were a century ago in ships and
jails and army camps. Though typhus has all
the characteristics of a germ disease, as yet the
causative agent has not been definitely deter-
mined. We know, however, that there must be
such an agent; observation shows that the dis-
ease occurs in persons who are bitten by vermin
that come from the bodies of the sick.

The first symptoms, which usually declare
themselves in about two weeks after exposure to
infection, are severe headache and fever. Prostra-
tion occurs early; the mind is clouded, and the
face has a dusky hue. The rash begins as dark
pink spots on the body and limbs; many of the
spots rise in the form of pimples and soon are
the seat of an effusion of blood that stretches out
in streaks from the centre. In mild cases when
bleeding in the skin does not occur the eruption
fades in three or four days, but in severe cases it
lasts for eight or ten days or even longer.

The fever itself lasts from ten days to two
weeks and is steady; it does not show the zigzag
rise and fall of typhoid. When recovery begins
the temperature falls rapidly to normal, some-
times in a few hours. Bronchitis occurs so often
with the disease that it seems to be really a part
of it. Delirium is frequent and often is wild and
suicidal. If care is taken to free the patient and
his surroundings from vermin and to bake his
clothing, there is no danger that the disease will
spread to the attendants. There is no certain cure
for typhus fever, but when properly nursed about
three out of every four patients recover.

ROYAL INCHES

THE American artist Thomas Sully kept a
diary while he was painting his charming
portrait of the young Queen Victoria, robed
and crowned. The jewels and accessories were
painted from the authentic articles, arranged
upon his daughter Blanch, who served as a
model; but the queen accorded the artist numer-
ous sittings. She was sometimes late and, being
a very busy woman, had occasionally to break an
appointment; but she proved an admirable sitter,
gay, good-natured and patient. On April 2, 1838,
Sully's diary records:

"At 9 a page from the palace with note from
the baroness to say I am expected at 11. Got
there at 10, in time to prepare my palette. At
11.30 the queen sat. She had on the crown. Her
ladies of honor were introduced and greatly aided
me by keeping up a lively conversation; it was of
advantage, as the queen could throw aside con-
straint and laugh and talk freely, like a happy,
innocent girl of eighteen. Long may she feel so
light of heart. The lap dog of one of her ladies in
waiting attracted much of her attention, but the
stupid dog knew nothing of the respect due to a
sovereign and comported himself in a very in-
dependent, republican style, although the queen
caressed and even kissed his unworthy head."

On May 15:

"At 10 I called a hack and rode to the palace
with Blanch, the queen having arranged that she
should sit with the crown jewels instead of her-
self. The Baroness Lehzen relieved us and fixed
the trappings on Blanch. The queen sent to ask
leave to visit us,—on condition that she might
not interrupt business,—but of course on her en-
trance Blanch paid her respects. She was very
affable, asked many questions, smiled at Blanch's
appearance when decorated with her jewels and
orders—but she observed, 'I am interrupting
business,' curtsied and left the room. I reminded

the baroness that she promised to give the exact
measurements of the queen's length and as a re-
membrance Her Majesty's autograph, the which
was presently brought by her. She said, on giving
me the tape measuring her height: 'The queen
says, "If you show this measurement when you
return to America, they will say: 'What a little
queen the English have!'"'

The strip of red tape is still preserved, rolled
up on the same bit of paper as when it was
handed to Thomas Sully in Buckingham Palace.
The "little queen" measured exactly five feet, one
and one quarter inches. Not a majestic height, it
is true, but then she was every inch a queen—
even every quarter inch!

SLEEPING IN THE SNOW

SNOW is falling, and you are alone some-
where in the great white spaces north of the
Arctic Circle. You are lost; your thoughts
are confused; night is fast approaching, and you
are dead tired. What should you do? Mr. Vilhjál-
mur Stefánsson, writing in the Friendly Arctic,
gives a startling bit of advice for anyone in cir-
cumstances like those. Lie down, he says, and go
to sleep!

The general belief that when you are lost in
the Arctic you must not go to sleep is erroneous.
One of the commonest experiences of humanity is
that when you are cold in bed you have difficulty
in sleeping. If you are warm enough to want to
sleep, you can do so safely, for as soon as you
become chilled you will wake.

The ordinary procedure of trying to keep
awake at all costs is dangerous. It has been the
cause of dozens of deaths that I have heard of
in connection with the whaling fleet at Herschel
Island. Men would become lost and, obsessed
with the idea that going to sleep would neces-
sarily be fatal, would try to keep awake indefi-
nitely; their only means of doing it would be to
walk up and down. Through semi-panic brought
on by the fear of freezing, they would walk faster
than they should; they would gradually become
more fatigued and would perspire violently
enough to make their clothes wet and thus good
conductors of heat and of little value as protec-
tion against the cold. Eventually the point of
exhaustion would come, and they could no longer
resist lying down. It is in such circumstances as
those that a person may go to sleep never to
wake.

IN SPITE OF NEWTON'S LAW

THIS story is told of an Irish lawyer named
Keller who was famous for his native wit
but who, partly from indolence and partly
from a frivolous disposition, did not succeed par-
ticularly well in his profession.

Another lawyer named Mayne, as sober and
ponderous as Keller was light-minded and clever,
was made a judge, much to Keller's vexation. On
one occasion the impecunious lawyer was sitting
in the court room where Judge Mayne was so-
lemnly presiding. Suddenly he plucked a brother
attorney by the sleeve. "Look at that," he whis-
pered. "There's Mayne risen by his gravity, and
here am I sunk by my levity. What would Sir
Isaac Newton make of that, I wonder?"

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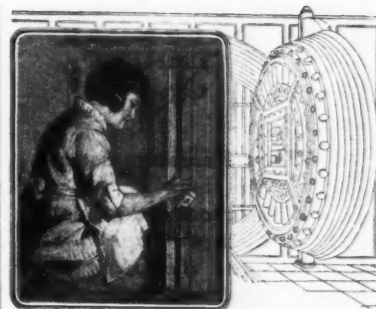
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A CALENDAR OF THRIFT



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the snow
With broom and shovel
forth we go
To clear the paths of
bank and drift,
Because to earn or save
is thrift!

Arthur Guiterman



BROTHER AND LOVER

JOHN DILL had gone from bad to worse until he was a slave to drink. Though his family entreated him, he refused with all a Scotchman's pride to return to his old home in Ayr. He would not disgrace them.

One day the minister received a letter from his brother. "Drink is John's weakness," he wrote; "I want to help him, but he is too proud to take anything from the elder brother who remained at home. I wish you would write and tell me how I can help him. I never have ceased to pray for his conversion. Christ can save him, I know."

That night the minister had to make a call. It was pitch dark, and in the part of town where his errand was there were no street lights; he had literally to feel his way. Hearing footsteps, he stopped. "Good evening," he said so that the person might not bump into him.

For a moment there was no reply, then, "Is that you, Mr. Fox?"

The minister recognized Dill's voice. "Where are you going, John?" he inquired.

Again there was a pause. Then came the sharp reply: "I am going to end it all! The quicker I'm out of the world the better it will be!"

"Why, John Dill!" exclaimed the minister, aghast.

"I'm the black sheep of the family," the man continued. "All of the rest are good respectable people. I have caused them so many cares and anxieties that it will be a relief for them to know I'll disgrace them no more."

The minister frowned thoughtfully there in the darkness. "Come back to the house with me," he said at last. "I want to show you a letter I received today."

Dill reluctantly followed the minister home. In the little front room a lamp had been left burning for his return. He gave Dill a seat by the table and handed him his brother's letter.

As he read it his discouraged, half-scornful look gave place to one of tenderness. His hands trembled, and tear after tear stole down his cheeks. When he had finished reading he folded the letter and returned it to the envelope.

"My brother," he said at last, "is a wonderful man. You cannot understand what this means to me, to know he loves me in spite of my past!"

"John," said the minister, "your brother is a wonderful man, but there is a Lover that sticketh closer than a brother." And then as Dill looked up at him inquiringly, he added, "Your brother has never ceased to love you. Jesus Christ is the Lover of your soul. He never has given you up; He can make a new creature of you."

"What about the wasted years?"

"Never mind the wasted years; the good, fruitful years are before you."

That night John Dill gave himself to God. The minister received him into the church, and he could imagine the joy in that Scotch home across the sea when the good news reached them that the lost was found.

"ALL CHANGE"

"AND I should say, Hester Haviland, that it was about time we did get back!" Glenda said the moment the first greetings were over. "Jess and I have marveled and supposed and guessed and theorized until our poor brains are reduced to mush. When it's more important than ever this year to raise a good sum at the bazaar to appoint such perfectly crazy committees—everybody looking after things they don't know anything about, and not a single person on her regular job. What the result will be I shudder to imagine; I won't imagine! I'll wait till I have to face it. But how it came about is another matter, and we want to know; don't we, Jessie?"

"We do," said Jessie. "Glenny thinks it was those new people who must somehow have managed the appointing; but my guess is it was the old-timers themselves who took the bit in their teeth and bolted. I've an idea some audacious soul timidly suggested a few changes, and it was

like playing stagecoach; suddenly the thing went with a whoop, and everybody scrambled for somebody else's place."

Hester's laugh was a partial admission. "Aren't you glad," she demanded, "not to be responsible for once for a single bag, pincushion or pen-wiper?"

"We are," assented Glenda fervently. "But how about getting them done? Lucy Pillsbury for the fancy table!"

"She has no experience and is rather mild and mousy, but she's brimful of new notions," declared Hester. "She'll do. You'll see."

"I daresay she may," admitted Jessie, "but she's like us—not a person with a specialty anyway. It's not like transferring Miss Matilda Bargle from pickles to art, or Jenny Doane from art to being the toy-balloon woman, or Mrs. Warner from tableaux to tickets, or Tessie Gray from candy to directing the minuet, or like letting Emily Gage drop music and run the apron table, and her little sister look after the music. I should think the entire committee would shake in their shoes till the fair is over!"

"Not a bit of it! We didn't make our changes recklessly, and all our workers are fresh and full of enthusiasm. Why, poor Miss Bargle nearly wept on our necks for joy when she found we'd released her from pickles and preserves; and she's going to be fine at the art table! She used to paint our china when she was young—badly enough, I dare say, for she had no training; but she loves pictures and pretty things, and she's so proud and pleased and persuasive that nobody can refuse her, and she's been promised lots of lovely things already, more than we ever had before. You see, people are best in their special line until they get tired and stale; and then comes a time when they do ever so much better if they're whisked out of the rut."

"Sounds convincing," said Jessie. "Who's going to look after the preserve table?"

"Our local poet," said Hester. "And she's putting up a very special brand of apple chutney after her grandmother's receipt, with an advertising verse on every bottle!"

NATURAL COOKSTOVES

THE famous fishing cove of the Yellowstone—where you turn round with the fresh-caught trout dangling from your hook and lower it into the boiling spring that bubbles up from below the lake bottom—can no longer claim first honors among the natural cookstoves of the country. From the report of the recent expedition into the Katmai National Monument, Alaska, written by Mr. Robert F. Griggs for the National Geographic Magazine, we learn that the party was able to do all its cooking and to keep itself warm in a territory entirely devoid of fuel by relying on the natural stoves.

Steam and hot gasses escape through every opening in the ground in the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, so that it was not hard to find the natural heat. In some places the heat was great enough to melt bars of lead, and at one fumarole, where a temperature of 1200° Fahrenheit was measured in the almost pure and nearly invisible steam, the party experienced the curious sensation of kindling a fire by plunging a stick into water, though the water in its vaporized form could hardly be recognized as such. The procedure for baking johnnycake was to put the batter inside one of the covered aluminum cooking pots, which was then simply set on the ground in the proper place and allowed to bake.

"For frying bacon," says Mr. Griggs, who was the director of the expedition, "we found it most convenient to repair to 'Fumarole No. 5' at a little distance from camp. The frypan had to be held down against the steam. Even the weight of the long stick employed as a handle was not sufficient to balance the pressure, for the pan would keep wobbling round, up and down and in and out of the rushing steam unless the stick were firmly held. Needless to say, the bacon began to sizzle promptly and was soon as well crisped as when cooked over the best of camp fires."

"While experimenting to find the best place to hold the pan we tried pushing it down into the cavern below the orifice; but no sooner had the frypan passed below the surface than—piff—the bacon was whisked out of the pan by the emerging gas and sent flying in every direction through the air."

DRAGGED BY A "FLYING HORSE"

A RUNAWAY balloon is a bit like a runaway horse. Whenever it starts you ought to be either all the way on or all the way off. M. Clinckmaillé, the young French artilleryman whom Mr. J. B. Brandreth quotes in the Wide World Magazine, had "only one foot in the stirrup" when his balloon broke loose. But he was not the only one that the "flying horse" tricked. There were, says M. Clinckmaillé, two guide ropes on the balloon, and each was held by five of us. As we moved forward to the motor windlass the right-hand rope snapped. Released from the restraint of five pairs of hands, the balloon instantly lifted us who were on the left-hand rope off our feet and carried us into the air before we knew what had happened.

The three men nearest the end of the line immediately slid down and dropped to the earth. The fourth man, poor fellow, had somehow got the rope twisted once round his forearm; by the time he was free and had jumped the balloon was perhaps ninety feet from the ground.

No doubt I too would have tried to jump but that when the rope suddenly drew taut I was thrown backward, and my right leg became entangled in the guide rope, so that I was carried into the air head downward with arms outstretched and my left leg hanging free. When I realized what had happened to me and saw the men below me on the rope drop off and fall to the ground I was scared. The ground seemed to be racing away from me at express speed.

Realizing that I must do something to save myself, I made an effort to bend up and reach my leg. To do it was far from easy, and I suppose I must have made a dozen attempts in the course of the ensuing half hour before I succeeded in doubling up enough to catch hold. But once I had caught hold I soon fastened my hands on the rope and hoisted myself until I succeeded in loosening my leg, which by that time was numb. Then I allowed myself to slip gradually down to the end of the rope, and as good luck would have it there was a package of cordage knotted into it to give a good handhold.

I got astride the package and soon made myself comparatively comfortable. I observed that the wind was in the right direction for safety; my great anxiety had been lest I should be carried out to sea. The next thing I noticed an aeroplane that had come up after me. As it came close I waved my handkerchief. But the aviator could do nothing to save me.

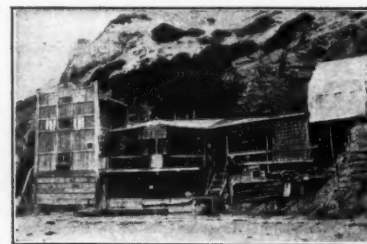
Higher and higher I continued to mount until I estimated that I was at an altitude of perhaps ten thousand feet. After that to my great relief the balloon began slowly to descend.

As I came closer to the earth I noticed a motor car with four men following my course. Lower and lower the balloon sank like a tired bird and eventually deposited me in a hedge of brambles, which scratched me considerably. Otherwise I was not much the worse for my adventure. A few minutes later the motor car, which contained four of my officers, came up and carried me back to the camp.

FLOTSAM CASTLE

HERE it is, the twenty-cent castle! Above Redondo Beach near Los Angeles it stands where its owner, Mr. Louis Dart, built it. Everything in the remarkable structure except the nails—twenty cents' worth, if you please—came from the sea. For, though "time and tide wait for no man," "all things come to him who waits," and Mr. Dart was content to wait.

Several years ago he found a spring of crystal-clear water in the rocks above the beach, and he was so much pleased with it that he determined



The nails cost twenty cents—the hammer must have drifted ashore

to build a house there. He waited, and the breakers brought the lumber. At first the house was a tiny place that looked like the huts Sicilian peasants hang against their mountains, but now it has four stories.

While the owner was looking, or rather waiting, for furniture a forty-five-foot yacht was wrecked a few hundred yards offshore, and a quantity of desirable things were washed up at his very door. Among them was the frame of a small stove from the galley. Piece by piece the various parts rose from the ocean's bed, but nearly two years passed before an extremely high tide rolled up the last lid, rusty but serviceable.

"Flotsam Castle," as Mr. Dart calls the place, has a comfortable living room on the second floor where the laird often sits at his window to enjoy the organ roll of curving waves and restless tides or to watch the sun set in a caldron of molten gold or perhaps to spy the sails of a distant boat as they flash silver in the quivering moonlight. When storms come the water swirls about the foundations and the spray flies over the roof, but the place is set so substantially between the rocks and is so strongly reinforced that the ocean cannot well injure it.

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, THE WARM-HEARTED

THE warm-hearted friendliness and spontaneous enthusiasm of Georges Clemenceau, the great French war premier, were perhaps nowhere more delightfully revealed than in an incident that took place during his recent visit to the United States. The Boston Herald prints this account of it in a dispatch from New York:

M. Clemenceau was all ready to retire at eight o'clock tonight when Ignace Jan Paderewski, pianist and first premier of Poland, arrived and begged to see him.

"Just for a minute," he whispered to M. Clemenceau's secretary.

M. Clemenceau was delighted. "Of course! At once! Why, I would see this great man in bed!"

His eyes glowed as Paderewski entered his chamber, and he trembled with excitement. They met in the centre of the room, embraced and put lip to cheek after the Continental custom. "You are the greatest man in the world!" exclaimed the pianist.

"No, Paderewski, you are the greatest," M. Clemenceau corrected him. "I was moved to tears when you told at the peace conference of the sufferings of Poland."

After their chat M. Clemenceau said, "Before I go home I want to hear you play. When shall I have that pleasure?"

In a flash they held hands again. "Master," said the pianist, "I will play for you now."

M. Clemenceau was delighted. Leading the Pole by the hand, he almost danced downstairs to the music room, shouting like a boy and summoning the household to "come and hear; come and hear!"

Paderewski seated himself and, looking at M. Clemenceau a moment as if for inspiration, leaned back, closed his eyes and played. Four times he played, and through it all from first to last M. Clemenceau sat erect in his chair, staring intently at his friend, and showing in his face the reflected passion and pathos of the music.

As Paderewski finished and prepared to go M. Clemenceau kissed him again. "Ah, my friend, my heart is full of happiness. What a man you are! You are more than a musician. You are a poet, and there is poetry in your fingers." Then he trotted off to bed, chatting volubly with his valet about "my great comrade, the great Paderewski!"

THE SNAKE DANCE OF THE TURKEYS

AT sight of a snake wild turkeys behave in a most extraordinary manner. If a flock comes on a snake suddenly, we learn from Mr. Archibald Rutledge in Field and Stream, the birds will begin to dance slowly round it.

As the turkeys dance they lower their wings, raise and spread their tails and utter a continuous querulous call. Single birds will sometimes break from the revolving circle to make frantic dashes at the snake. For an hour or more the dervishlike performance will continue, and if the snake is not too formidable the flock will probably kill it. They will not molest a snake as large as a full-grown diamond-back rattler.

I once saw, says Mr. Rutledge, the strange "snake dance" in the mountains of southern Pennsylvania. From the top of a hanging ravine I looked down through the mist of dawn and counted twenty-six turkeys. For a full half hour they continued to dance round the reptile, which was a large king snake; then they began to forage. They probably left the snake dazed and deafened, but otherwise unharmed.

A COCKNEY BISON

ONE of the curiosities of the cockney dialect, which so many of the poorer class in London speak, is the pronunciation of "a" as if it were "i." The Sketch tells an amusing story that depends on that peculiarity for its point.

The boys of a London school had been taken to the zoo, and an inspector who visited the school soon afterwards began to question them about their adventures.

"Did you see the elephants?" he asked. Yes, they had seen the elephants.

"And the hippopotamus?"

Yes, and the hippopotamus.

"And did you see the bison?" he continued. There was a puzzled silence. He repeated the question. "Did you see the bison?"

Again the puzzled look; then one boy asked, "Please, sir, do you mean the bison wot they drinks aht of?"

THE EXACT CORRESPONDENT

FANNY KEMBLE, the famous English actress, had a curious way of answering letters. She disliked writing letters exceedingly, a circumstance that makes her method of answering them the more curious. No matter how long or how short the epistle, says the Rev. Francis S. Child, she always answered it with the exact number of words and syllables that it contained. Often she would spend hours trying to get in the right number and still have the letter both elegant and correct.

One day my mother wrote hurriedly: Dear Fannie, Miss Smith the dressmaker is to be found at 9 Columbus Avenue. In haste, Lizzie.

The reply came back: Dear Lizzie, your kind word of help, sweetheart, is at hand. I have another woman. Lovingly, Fanny.

A PARDONABLE MISTAKE

AFTER Mr. Smith had raked his yard, says the Argonaut, he took the accumulated rubbish into the road to burn. Among the neighbors' children who came flocking round the bonfire was a little girl whom Mr. Smith did not remember having seen before. Wishing with his usual kindness to make her feel at ease, he beamed upon her, and said heartily, "Hello! Isn't this a new face?"

A deep red slowly submerged the little girl's freckles. "No," she stammered, "it isn't new. It's just been washed. That's all."

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NATURE & SCIENCE

THE SELF-STEERING STEAMSHIP.—A gyroscopic compass has been used successfully on the Danish steamship Konig Frederik VIII. The reading of the master compass, a gyroscopic compass of great energy, says the Scientific American, is transmitted electrically to a compass receiver that on the least yaw of the ship closes the circuit of an electric motor in direct connection with the steering wheel. As soon as the steering gauge of the mechanism marks "amidships" a clutch is thrown in that causes the ship automatically to keep the course for which the apparatus is adjusted.

SELF-STARTER FOR THE AÉROPLANE.—A gasoline self-starter for aeroplane engines that will start a cold five-hundred-horse-power motor in seventeen seconds has recently been designed. It weighs, says the Popular Science Monthly, only forty pounds, is mounted in the fuselage and is operated by a lever that is within reach of the pilot. The starter supplies both gas and ignition to the engine.

THE DAYLIGHT LAMP.—A recent attempt to imitate daylight by means of incandescent electric lamps, says Chambers's Journal, has succeeded in correcting the light from the lamp filament by coloring the bulb. The bulbs are made of a special blue glass that absorbs the excess of red and yellow light rays. They have an Osram filament and are filled with gas. The new lamp is especially adapted to lighting studios and picture galleries.

THE UNKNOWN WASTE.—A Russian steamer, the Polotski, which was caught in the ice at Saint Michael in December, 1915, and disappeared the next spring in the great storm off Cape Nome, is the latest addition to the Arctic phantom fleet. According to Popular Mechanics the abandoned steamship was seen by Eskimo hunters, who planned to board the vessel, but changing winds swept the ship away into unexplored wastes. Every winter deserted and unknown ships are seen in the mists of the polar seas, but the Polotski's name plate could be made out.

A WHITE-NOSED BEAR.—The New York Zoological Society has a remarkable black bear that came from Anticosti Island as a present from Senator Menier of France. Unlike Mr. Stephens's "racer" that was described in The Companion of August 17, 1922, this bear has a white muzzle. According to the Zoological Bulletin the animal is an interesting exponent of bear philosophy. From the day when it was captured it has never shown anger at human beings, and the second day after it was caught it ate from its captor's hand.

ADDING TO THE WHEAT SUPPLY.—A campaign that the government has carried on for more efficient threshing methods has saved twenty-five million bushels of wheat in the principal wheat-growing states. Kansas, says the Illustrated World, headed the list with about ten million bushels. The wheat thus saved was worth at that time nearly thirty million dollars. It was the better adjustment both of the beater teeth and of the blower of threshing machines, together with more careful feeding, that brought about the saving.

BAVARIA'S STATE POWER PLANT.—Bavarian engineers are building a two-and-a-half-mile tunnel under the Alps, to divert part of the Isar River into the Walchen Lake for an enormous hydroelectric plant. When completed the work, which is well under way, will furnish, according to Popular Mechanics, enough electrical power for all the Bavarian railways, industrial plants and city lights.

SEPARATING THE ROOTS OF WHEAT PLANTS.—The Journal of Heredity reports an amazing experiment in the separation of the roots of wheat plants, as carried out by a New York plant breeder. On July 12 he planted one kernel of Jones's winter Fife wheat. On July 31 he divided the root and made four hills from the side shoots. On August 17 he divided the roots again, and made fifteen from the four. By September 4 he had seventy-five roots and by September 24, three hundred. On October 10 the number was five hundred and five, and on November 22 he made a final division that gave him eleven hundred and forty roots. Thirty-six of them winter-killed, but the eleven hundred and four that remained bore twenty-seven and one half pounds of threshed wheat. Some of the roots bore from eighteen to twenty-four large heads.

THE POWER OF AN ELEPHANT.—The male African elephant in the New York Zoological Park has given convincing evidence of his strength that is most surprising. One day, says the Zoological Bulletin, he attacked a partition fence made of iron and actually broke the top rail in two and tore one of the pieces from the post to which it was attached. The broken iron, which formed the top of the fence, was a railway rail four inches by four and a quarter.

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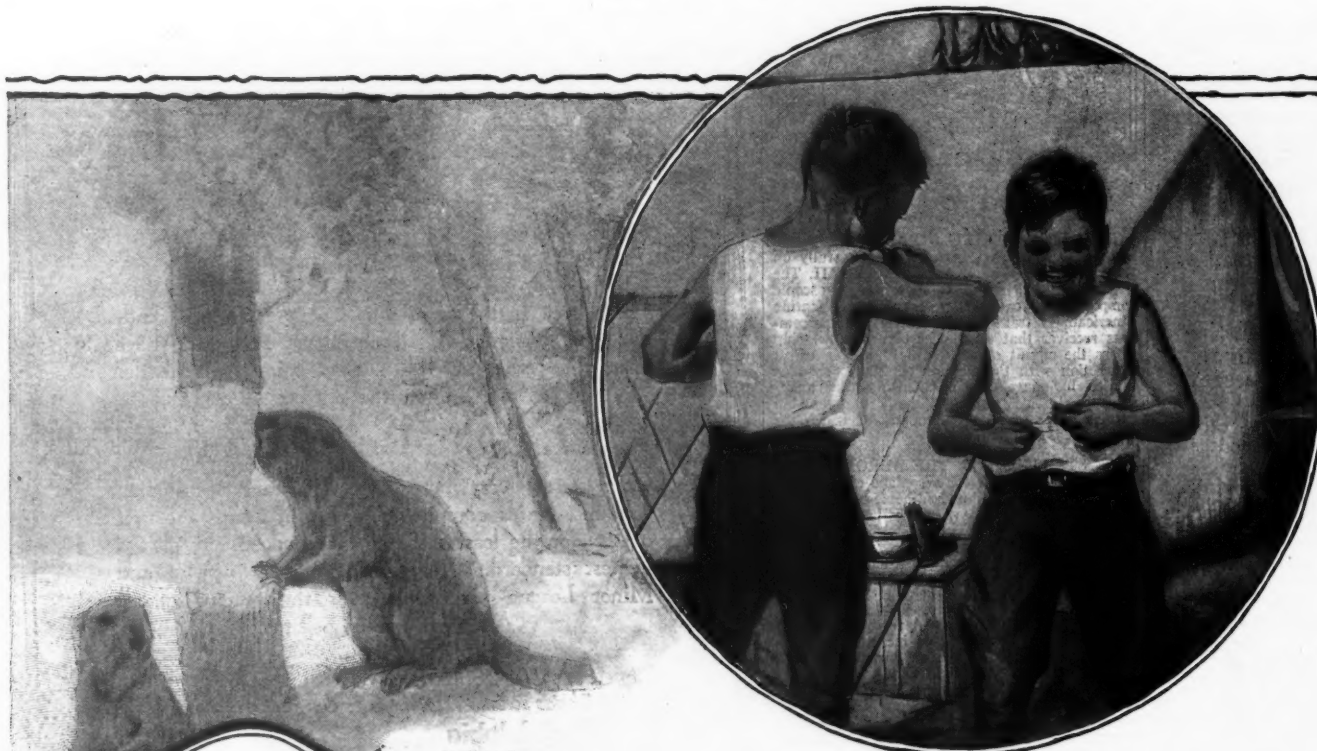
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